

The TATLER

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London, June 22, 1932

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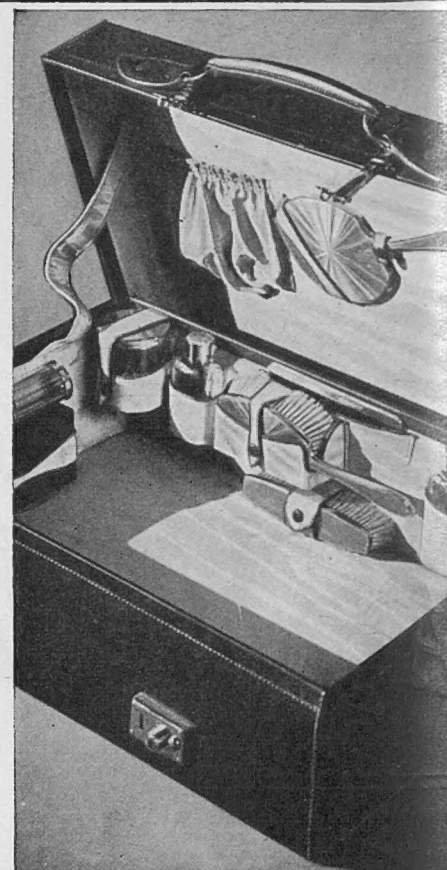


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The TATTLER

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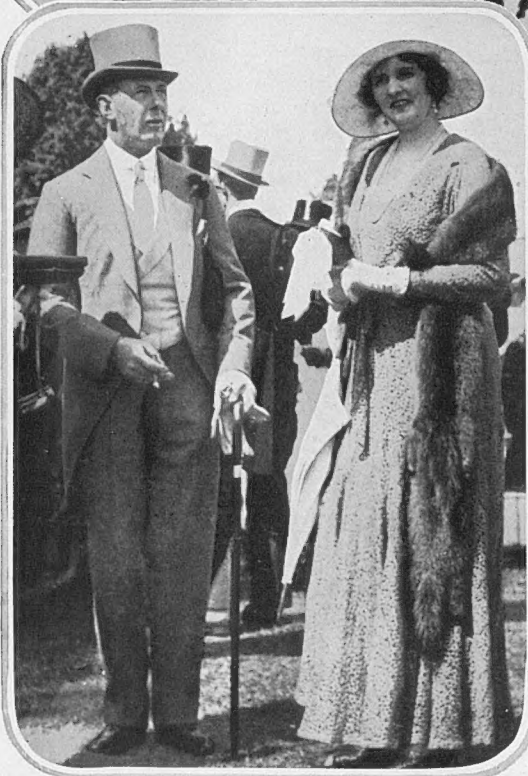


Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

THE LADY OF THE MOMENT—HELEN WILLS

Even though it is as certain as most things are certain that Mrs. Wills-Moody will sweep all before her at Wimbledon this year as she did two years ago, it is not an over-statement of the fact to say that Wimbledon would not feel like Wimbledon without her. Quite apart from the admiration which her lawn tennis prowess must ever excite, she is personally immensely popular, and her modest personality is one of her greatest charms

THE LETTERS OF EVE



REAR-ADMIRAL THE HON. ALEXANDER RAMSAY AND LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY

Lady Patricia Ramsay, who renounced her Royal titles on her marriage to the Hon. Alexander Maule Ramsay, an uncle of the Earl of Dalhousie, is the younger daughter of the Duke of Connaught

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.
MY DEAR,—Sun, wind, and sea and some healthy exercise at Sandwich, where we flocked to see the final stages of the Open Golf Championship, were a fitting preparation for the more hectic outdoor glories of Royal Ascot. And what crowds there were trying to follow the magic play of the all-conquering Gene Sarazen, who broke even Bobby Jones' record over the course. Lady Astor, who has a house down there, was one of the keenest

THE ROYAL BOX AT ASCOT

His Majesty the King is with his racing manager, Brigadier-General H. A. Tomkinson, and H.M. the Queen is with the Countess of Athlone, and then next are H.R.H. the Princess Royal, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and ex-King Manoel of Portugal

and most energetic of those who walked round. And among the rest I noticed Mrs. Ray Atherton, Lord Winchilsea, who was playing, and Lady Winchilsea; Lord Portarlington, most ardent follower of every sport, and Lord Donoughmore, who is another lucky possessor of a house at Sandwich.

My Ascot started over the week-end, for I was determined to make the most of it. And on my way to Windlesham on the Saturday before I followed the King's car practically all the way when he and the Queen drove down to inspect the course. I was near enough to see that they both seemed to be in great form and to be enjoying great jokes together and to gather that they were evidently looking forward to the Royal meeting.

* * *
And now for Ascot itself. We have to thank the late Spring for



LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH AND H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

Lady Moyra Cavendish is a half-sister of the Duke of St. Albans and married Lord Richard Cavendish, the only surviving brother of the Duke of Devonshire, in 1895

giving us the most perfect Ascot I have ever known. The trees and the fields had still that green freshness which has usually gone by the middle of June. The butter-cups and the may were still flowering. The last few miles of the drive down was just one solid wall of rhododendrons. And when we arrived in the paddock we found that the pink chestnuts were still out. And what weather! Warm sun, a clear sky, and a refreshing breeze. And a perfect light, which showed the Royal procession at its best, made all

the colours easy to pick out, and gave us a view for miles from the top of the stands. And what horses!—I confess to being a snob as far as they are concerned. And it thrills me to see all these aristocrats and all these lovelies gathered together in one place. Only Orwell was missing; but he wants a little time for things to blow over.

Each day of Ascot is much the same, so I will write only about Tuesday. Almost the first people that I saw were Lord and Lady Churchill and Sir Gordon Carter. Lady Churchill was dressed in palest grey with a tiny hat, and reminded me more than ever of one of those lovely pictures painted by an early Italian artist. Sir Gordon Carter looked his usual immaculate self. The state of the course and the enclosures would suggest, to those who do not know him, that he would have to be immaculate, and he certainly surpassed himself this year. An ambiguous remark, but you know what I mean. I noticed a number of people in the Royal Enclosure trying, unsuccessfully, to gate-crash into his private stand, which was full of pretty young women and decorative young men. The prettiest of the former I thought were Lady Warrender, in blue and white, and looking very sunburnt, the newly-engaged Miss Angela du Boulay and Lady Brougham and Vaux in powder blue.

Powder blue was a popular colour among the young and lovely. Lady Buchanan Jardine wore it with a white shepherdess hat, which was so tilted and so perched that I trembled for its safety. However, she had less to fear than those of us who wore big hats,



LADY SCARSDALE AND LADY LEVER, WHO HAD AN ASCOT HOUSE-PARTY

This snapshot was taken at Heatherside, Sunningdale, where Sir Tresham and Lady Lever had a house-party for Ascot week. Lord Scarsdale inherited that wonderful place, Kedleston, on the death of the late Lord Curzon, his distinguished uncle

the Duke of Gloucester, and a young woman whose back was turned to me. Lady Stanley, in plain pink crêpe de chine, was at a table with Mr. Jimmy de Rothschild, Lady Carnarvon, Captain Tommy McDougall, and Lady Cunliffe-Owen. And others whom I found there were Lady Robert Manners and her daughter, Mrs. Lascelles, Mr. Eric Dunstan, and Lady Manton and her sister, Mrs. Fitzalan Howard, one in pale blue, the other in dark blue.

I think the most attractive person that I saw any day was Lady Edward Hay. She wore a white dress and a fairly large-sized scarlet hat over that dazzling hair and almost as dazzling complexion. And her dress was simple and suitable like those of all the others I have mentioned. Yet year after year we have to suffer not only the out-and-out freaks, but all the people who overdress so unsuitably in trailing evening dresses, either from ignorance or the desire for publicity, and just look rather ridiculous. Will they never learn?

Not that I worried much about them, for armed with Mr. Naylor's warning about favourites, I backed my two pet outsiders. Just why Unlikely was allowed, after his Epsom win, to start at 20 to 1 on the tote, nobody will ever know. But Baron Frankie de Tuyl was even more pleased than I was about that. And Mrs. Rich's Silvermere brought in 40 to 1.

And now, before leaving Ascot for another year, I feel that I must satisfy certain longings by awarding the prizes for what I will describe as unusual garments. I think the sleeveless dress of scarlet velvet reaching to the ground, and the early-Victorian green-spotted muslin and poke bonnet, tied for the championship. Unfortunately the young woman inside the green dress had a late Victorian face and had omitted to put on even late Georgian underwear. And the effect was unfortunate to say the least. About ROSEMARY I have no comment to make except that she succeeded in attracting attention, and that she probably won her bet with that captain of the boats at Eton.



AT ASCOT LAST WEEK: MR. LENNOX BOYD, MISS PAMELA NICHOL, AND MR. DERRICK CARDIFF

Ascot, 1932, will go down in history as the best-dressed effort since the war, and most probably will deserve to do so. Everyone got encouragement to put on his best store clothes, as the weather was quite first-class

for the occasional puffs of wind made us fully conscious that we were carrying a little too much sail. Mrs. Percy Thelussan, in fact, had to suffer the ignominy of remaining bareheaded for several minutes before her head-gear, careering at great speed, was finally retrieved. And there were several other vagrant hats, one of which went with the horses out of the paddock.

Lady Dalkeith was another pretty person wearing powder blue. I saw her having tea with Prince George in the Jockey Club room, in that peaceful backwater behind the enclosure lawn. In another corner were Mrs. Kellett,



AT ASCOT, HUNT CUP DAY: THE EARL OF ATHLONE AND A FRIEND

Lord Athlone passed quite unnoticed, except by the eagle-eyed photographer, when he had a walk through the ring between races on Hunt Cup Day

(Continued overleaf)

c 2

THE LETTERS OF EVE—*continued*

I am afraid I have said little about the men. Custom forbids any freakishness in their get-up. So the general effect was one of neatness and distinction mixed with just a little pomp and self-consciousness.

Miss Margaret Elwes showed great courage in allowing her very long satin train to be carried by such small children when she was married to Mr. Eric Sandars on Monday. She made a lovely bride, and I liked her ice-white tiara; it suited her rather severe classical beauty perfectly. Her twelve tiny attendants behaved remarkably well on the whole, though the youngest page, Master Peter Elwes, aged two, provided a certain amount of unrehearsed amusement by proudly swinging his flower-trimmed cane over his head throughout the service!

Miss Joe d'Erlanger, another two-year-old, was a composed and dignified bridesmaid, and it was only kindness of heart that prompted her to offer the verger her bouquet to smell during the rather lengthy address. Young Lord Gainsborough and Lady Violet Benson's second son kept order in the group, and everyone admired the charming golden corkscrew curls of Mr. Richard Elwes' small daughter. Mrs. Richard Elwes was Sir Richard Sykes' sister, Freya, and her little girl is the image of her.

The wedding reception was held at Mrs. Wythe's house in Berkeley Square. Large though it is, its walls looked as though they must soon begin to bulge outwards long before half the guests were up the stairs! The bride and bridegroom, who are spending their honeymoon at Le Touquet, went off by car in the evening, while Lady Winefride Elwes entertained the rest of the huge Elwes family by giving a supper party.

After the wedding I went on to Lady Crosfield's to see the exhibition tennis matches which she gets up every year. It's incredible to think that that house of hers up at Highgate is only about ten minutes' drive from Marble Arch. For her lovely garden looks out over miles and miles of country. All the brightest stars were to be found there, including the two American Helens, and nearly all of them were bare-legged. And how strenuous they were! The very serious-looking man that I discovered playing yo-yo by himself in a secluded garden path was a restful contrast.

Among the many people hovering round the buffet for iced coffee and strawberries were Lord Athlone and Princess Alice, Lady Pearson looking a vision in a short trouser skirt and a scarlet coat, Mrs. Arthur James and Lord Charles Hope with his pretty young niece, Lady Joan Hope, the youngest daughter of the Linlithgows, who is not yet out.

Lady Trenchard, wife of the Chief Commissioner of Police, and Lady Davidson gave a very good joint party the other night, and everyone seemed to enjoy it immensely, though I fancy that some of the younger spirits were a little disappointed to find that the house was not patrolled by policemen in uniform and that detectives were not lurking behind each curtain. Lady Cromer was one of the hostesses who gave a dinner for

this dance, but neither she nor Lord Cromer went on, and the guests were left to their daughter, Lady Rosemary Baring.

Lord Cromer is one of the very few Englishmen, if not the only one by the way, who finds it easier to make a speech in French than in his own language, and his elder daughter, Lady Rosemary, finds life in the country far more pleasant than in town, which is the reason that London sees so little of her. Her younger sister, Lady Lettice, has just come out, and she is certainly one of the prettiest and the most amusing of our débutantes.



REAR-ADMIRAL A. F. B. CARPENTER, V.C., AND MRS. CARPENTER

At the recent meeting at Chepstow—a very pleasant course at which to go racing. Admiral Carpenter commanded H.M.S. "Vindictive" at Zeebrugge on St. George's Day, 1918, and that is how he got his V.C. Further details quite superfluous

blue paillettes that flashed like a looking-glass. At the former, Miss Olga Lynn, in an apple-green scarf, charming Lady Caroline Paget, Mr. Sam Courtauld, and Lord Moore have all been "regulars." And it goes without saying that Lady Cunard, now that the opera is no more, has been found there very often.

I was a little disappointed by the choreography of the "Origin of Design." It is such a lovely theme, one feels that more could have been made of it, but the Handel music is delightful, and the tireless Sir Thomas Beecham, as usual, gave an interesting and personal rendering of it.



AT OLYMPIA: MISS STELLA PIERCE AND "PADDY" AND "HUNTSMAN"

Miss Stella Pierce won in the jumping classes last year, and she is competing again this. She is well known at Four Oaks in that great sporting county, Warwickshire

The Cromers' guests included Miss Brenda Pearson and Mr. Henry and Lady Anne Hunloke. Lady Anne looked very sweet in a prune-coloured frock, and she seems to be delighted with her new sister-in-law, Lady Charles Cavendish, whom she describes as intelligent, witty, and wise. All the pretty young things were at this dance, some of them beginning to show faint signs of that jaded look which is the result of so many late nights. Quite a few of them are enduring their ordeal bravely, and two of the freshest that I noticed were Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton and Miss Anne Charteris. Miss Charteris was wearing one of the popular check frocks, in black and white, and was going on to a small party at Lady Oxford's house.

The intelligent and fashionable world has (and how many would like to think that the two adjectives are incompatible and that I should therefore write in the plural?) been dividing its time between the Camargo Ballet and the Albert Hall production of *Hiawatha*. At the latter I saw Lady Lathom, looking so like a Holbein drawing; Lady Wimborne, in black, with one of the new-old fashioned feather boas thrown round her shoulders; Miss Jeanne Stourton, whose earrings were the longest I have ever seen, and Mrs. Malcolm Sargent, in steel-

At the Albert Hall the ablest of our younger conductors, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, is doing great things with T. C. Fairbairn's dramatized version of *Hiawatha*. The brilliant handling of the crowd in the arena, and the admirable singing of Harold Williams, Horace Stevens, and Madame Stiles-Allen, not to mention a ballet led by Phyllis Bedells, make it a show really worth seeing. All the performers (they number over 1,000!) give their services free for a fortnight's run. Phyllis Bedells is dancing three times for the Camargo next week in her own arrangement of a Chopin ballade. She is an all-British product of whom we have every right to be proud. Since the days when she was Genée's favourite pupil she has never looked back, and her exquisite neatness and finish should be an example to many of our younger dancers.—Yours, EVE.

ROYAL



LORD AND LADY PENRHYN

PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF
ATHLONE

ASCOT



LORD AND LADY GRIMTHORPE

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF
PORTLANDLORD DECIES, THE HON. MRS. ROBERT O'BRIEN,
AND THE HON. KATHERINE BERESFORDLORD AND LADY CHESHAM
ON HUNT CUP DAY

Real "Ascot weather" held the whole way through the meeting, and that Person whom we have had just cause to anathematize before and from the Fourth of June onwards, has done his best to make the "amende." The opening day was balmy, Hunt Cup day blowy but fine, Gold Cup day almost as warm as Calcutta, and the fourth day one against which there could be no complaints. All the people in this little gathering are well known, including the two funny pork-pie hats which seem to have flown into the range of every camera that was at Ascot. Lord and Lady Chesham are everyone's friends, and he has been Master of both the Old Berkeley and the Bicester, and a right good Master too, and Lady Chesham carried on with the former during the War. Her hard-riding career was brought to an end by a cracking fall some seasons ago. Lord Decies, an ex-light weight G.R., was with his two pretty daughters, and he is another friend to so many of us as he runs the Income Tax Payers' Society. Lord Grimthorpe is doing a second trick at the wheel as Joint Master of the Middleton, as he was Colonel Peach Borwick's partner with these hounds from 1921 to 1925. Lord Penrhyn, like Colonel Peach Borwick, is a Scots Grey, and succeeded his greatly beloved father in 1927. Lord and Lady Athlone were staying with Lady Katherine Meade at Hall Grove, Bagshot, for the week



"JACK'S THE BOY!"

Meaning, of course, Jack Hulbert, who is rightly hailed as the film comedian of the hour. With him in this Gainsborough picture, opening on the 24th at the Tivoli, are Ben Fields and Cicely Courtneidge, and the scene is after a smash and grab raid

At the Carlton

THE *Man I Killed* has been described by many people as a pacifist play. I would say, rather, that it is the expression of a belief which the two Rostands, father and son, held so very strongly. The belief that just because confession is so good for the soul it is a luxury. And a luxury which must never be indulged in at the expense of others, however much the soul may be called upon to suffer if it be denied this luxury. Personally, I am inclined to think that, apart from altruistic motives, this sort of self-denial pays best in the long run. For though confession may be a temporary solace it is apt to develop into a permanently inconvenient boomerang. However, that is a merely frivolous digression.

Edmond Rostand expressed his idea very clearly in *La Princesse Lointaine*. You remember the hero and his friend sailed off to find the lovely unknown princess. And when they eventually arrived off the coast of the far-off country where she lived, the friend was sent as ambassador and betrayed his trust. For he and the princess fell in love and dallied together while the other remained on his ship waiting anxiously and in vain. And it was only when they learned that he was ill and dying that they came to their senses and went to him. The friend would have confessed everything, but the priest forbade him, for he refused to let a dying man be disillusioned to give his betrayer peace of mind.

Maurice Rostand expresses the confession complex in a slightly different form in *The Man I Killed*, which is now being shown as a film at the Carlton. Here he deals with the obsession of a young French soldier who has killed a German boy in the War, and cannot reconcile this act with his own conscience, however much it is insisted that he has done nothing but his duty.

Here is the Pacifist idea. But it is merely the *raison d'être* for the other. And Ernst Lubitsch, who directed this film, reveals some of his own ideas about pacifist talk, for the opening shots show Paris on the first anniversary of the Armistice. Soldiers in uniform fill the streets; soldiers in uniform fill the churches and cathedrals. And while a preacher talks of the lasting peace of the future Lubitsch ironically sweeps his camera down the aisles. From each pew-end projects a sword.

These opening scenes are in the best Lubitsch manner. And so is the method by which the hero and his problem are introduced. For the director clears the cathedral of those serried ranks of soldiers to reveal one solitary pair of hands clasped in prayer. And we learn the reason for the young



AND IN "LOVE ON WHEELS": JACK HULBERT AND LEONORA CORBETT

Of course saying "Oh thank you, Mr. Greengage, your furniture delivered in a private van—is simply too terribly nice!" It is a most amusing film and is to be trade-shown early in July

THE CINEMA : By LENZ

man's distress when he confides in the priest in the confessional. "You have only done your duty," says the priest. "How can that be?" retorts the young man. "He was young, younger than I. He was a musician like myself. He was as far removed from war and all its hatreds as myself. And I can never forget the expression in his eyes when he looked at me. I can never rest until I have been to see his people and asked their forgiveness."

From then on the action and the argument depend too much on dialogue to be really suited to the cinema. And the scope of the director becomes too limited though flashes of his genius will not be denied. As, for example, a scene in a small provincial German restaurant when the local worthies express their disapproval because a Frenchman and an enemy is being harboured in their midst.

For the young man starts to carry out his resolve. And it is in Germany that we next see him after we have been given a glimpse of the dead boy's father. What hope would he have had of forgiveness, one wonders, had he told the truth. And what hope had he of ever beginning to tell the truth when the mother and the fiancée rush in, all eager for news, assuming him to be a friend of their beloved Walther. He is helpless before them. Mutely he lets them assume all that they want to assume. And he finds himself the bringer, not of sorrow, but of joy. The donor not the suppliant. And gradually he fills the place of the dead boy in all their hearts.

The strain of this false position breaks him down at last. He decides to return to France. But the girl tells him that she loves him, and it is then that he lets her discover the truth. And she, like the priest in the other story, forbids him to destroy happiness for his own peace of mind. He must never tell the old people. He must never even think

of leaving them. So he remains.

Lionel Barrymore makes a very sympathetic figure of the old German father, acting with far more restraint and with far fewer of those jerks and barks than he has done in some of his recent films. And Nancy Carroll curbs her natural buoyancy with great success to make a very sweet and serious Elsa. But particularly I should like to compliment Phillips Holmes whom I have hitherto found so very ineffective. He plays the part of the young Frenchman with real sincerity and feeling.

* * *

At the Empire.

Ardent admirer as I am of that child prodigy, Jackie Cooper, I am unable to feel enthusiastic about his new film at the Empire. For *When a Feller Needs a Friend* is just the stereotyped sort of story which has been used so often to exploit the talents of youthful stars. And the garrulity of "Chic" Sale becomes a little wearing when it appears in the same form in three consecutive films.

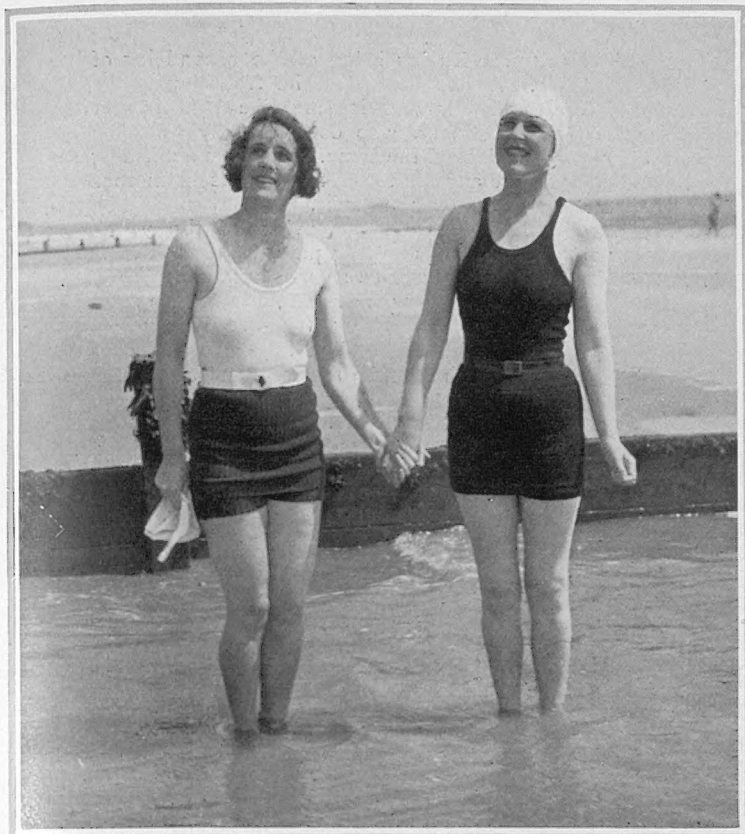
However, the Empire programme includes the best ever Laurel and Hardy comedy. They really are going from strength to strength. I thought *Helpmates* was their star turn until I had seen this one. Imagine Laurel going to visit Hardy in hospital from sheer well meaningness and because he had nothing else to do. You can imagine just how many unfortunate things he does before he sits on that hypodermic. And just how he drives himself and Hardy home through the crowded traffic when the drug begins to take effect.

* * *

At the Forum.

If you are a Russian film fan I fear you will be disappointed with this showing of *The Cossacks of the Don*. Sound, and what awful sound, has been added to the silent original. And this necessitates it being run half as fast again as it ought to be.

UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY



AT FRINTON LAST WEEK: MRS. C. I. SMITH-RYLAND AND LADY JAFFRAY



IN TOWN: LADY ANNE HUNLOKE, LADY SKIPWITH, AND LADY ELIZABETH FREMANTLE



A CADLAND HOUSE PARTY: MRS. PEEL, MAJOR CYRIL DRUMMOND, MRS. DRUMMOND, MRS. FULFORD, LORD LAMINGTON, MISS DRUMMOND, AND LORD SCARBROUGH



AT THE BLANKNEY PUPPY SHOW: MR. AND MRS. REGGIE SPOONER AND MR. MARSHALL HALAHAN

Mrs. Smith-Ryland and Lady Jaffray, who are in the Frinton snapshot, are both well-known Warwickshire people. Mrs. Smith-Ryland, who has taken a house at Frinton for the season, is the widow of the late Mr. C. I. Smith-Ryland, who was Joint Master of the Warwickshire. Sir William Jaffray's Warwickshire seat is Skilts Studley, and his brother, Captain H. A. Jaffray, was Joint Master of the Brocklesby, but has now taken the Mastership of the Cotswold. Lady Anne Hunloke, Lady Skipwith, Sir Guy Skipwith's wife, are "discovered" at a committee meeting for the "Come and Be Filmed" Dinner-Dance which is going to happen at the Carlton on July 11, when everyone will get a chance of being turned into a movie star. The house party at Cadland was given for the christening of Major and Mrs. Cyril Drummond's little son, the first heir born to the family for sixty-seven years, and so a very important person indeed. He was given the names of Andrew Maldwin Cyril Drummond. Miss Drummond and Lady Mount Temple were his god-mothers, and Lord Scarbrough and Lord Lamington were his god-fathers. The Blankney Puppy Show was held at their kennels, which are at Blankney, and Mr. Reggie Spooner in his summer entity is the famous cricketer

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL" By

DESPITE Ascot being held in the most glorious weather there seemed somehow a subdued feeling and lack of "bang" about the meeting. The crowd didn't seem to be up to the average, and perhaps the prevailing rather drab fashions for women had something to do with it. Even the debs. and ex-debs. seemed to be feeling the atmosphere of quietness and appeared normally dressed, forbore to scrap amongst themselves for a smile from the gate-keepers in their green plush costumes, and even left the band conductor to conduct his band, an omission which those who are acquainted with them will find it hard to believe. It must therefore have been gall and wormwood to them to see a lady faultlessly dressed in a garden-seat costume and wearing on her black straw hat her Christian name in white block capitals and, it is said, her telephone number.

It was feared that seeing an advertisement like this put over on them, sandwich-men with their names, photographs, and pedigrees (if any) would be paid to line the road outside the enclosure on Cup day.

Barring the two two-year-old events on the first day, punters wouldn't do well, especially as Miracle, who has been overdone for a horse of his size, the supposed good thing of the day, came undone. It is said that the streets of New Jerusalem are paved with gold, though one cannot believe that anyone possessing any knowledge of Old Jerusalem would use such a material owing to cost of replacement, nor on the same analogy would one expect to find real money lying about in the paddock at Ascot. Four lynx-eyed gentiles, however, spotted the glitter of silver under the gratings round the parading enclosure, dropped, no doubt, out of the trouser pocket of some gentleman or lady who had been sitting thereon. Waiting till the horses had gone out and the crowd gone they surreptitiously turned over the grating and divided the spoil. This is the first-known occasion of something for nothing at Ascot.

What a wonderful buy Andrea has been for the Duke of Marlborough and a tonic for Percy Whitaker, who has been laid up with appendicitis. Since being laid low he has run for and won nothing but races of £1,000 or over, and, as a friend of his remarked, he only wants half-a-dozen more horses and another appendix to put him at the top of the tree.

Fred Darling started off well with his two-year-olds, Manitoba being thought a good thing, but he was only just able to squeak home from Lovers' Walk, who was very badly drawn, and must be more than useful. The second day in a desperate race Mannering just scraped home in a finish of heads from Complacent and Colaroma, with King Salmon squeezed out.

The most astonishing performance of the meeting was that of Miss Elegance in the Fern Hill Stakes. Hardly ever does a two-year-old win this race; but this filly was beaten a couple of short heads by the two best three-year-old sprinters in training. What a good thing she must have been in a selling plate at Epsom, and how on earth could she have lost at Windsor.

It was a pleasure to see Dastur bring off the second leg of Frank Butter's treble. A beautiful colt, he trotted past the stands treading on egg shells and looking like he'd bought the place, while Michael Beary, who could equally well ride winners in the show ring, looked the same. For some amazing reason he and Orpen were allowed to start at the most generous prices, and their races were never in doubt.

The backward and duck-hearted behaviour of the young guardsman as portrayed in that amusing play, *While Parents Sleep*, is a gross libel on the brigade, as was amply borne out by the cold courage of the young officer who, despite the stag-

gering turn-out of his girl friend and the gaping crowds which assembled to study her, accompanied her everywhere. The hat alone would have embarrassed the most callous of men out in the open, but the long-coated black-stuffed dog carried under the arm would have made the bravest fade away behind the saddle at the idea of lunching in a service tent. It was done, however, and is to be added to the battle honours on the colours.

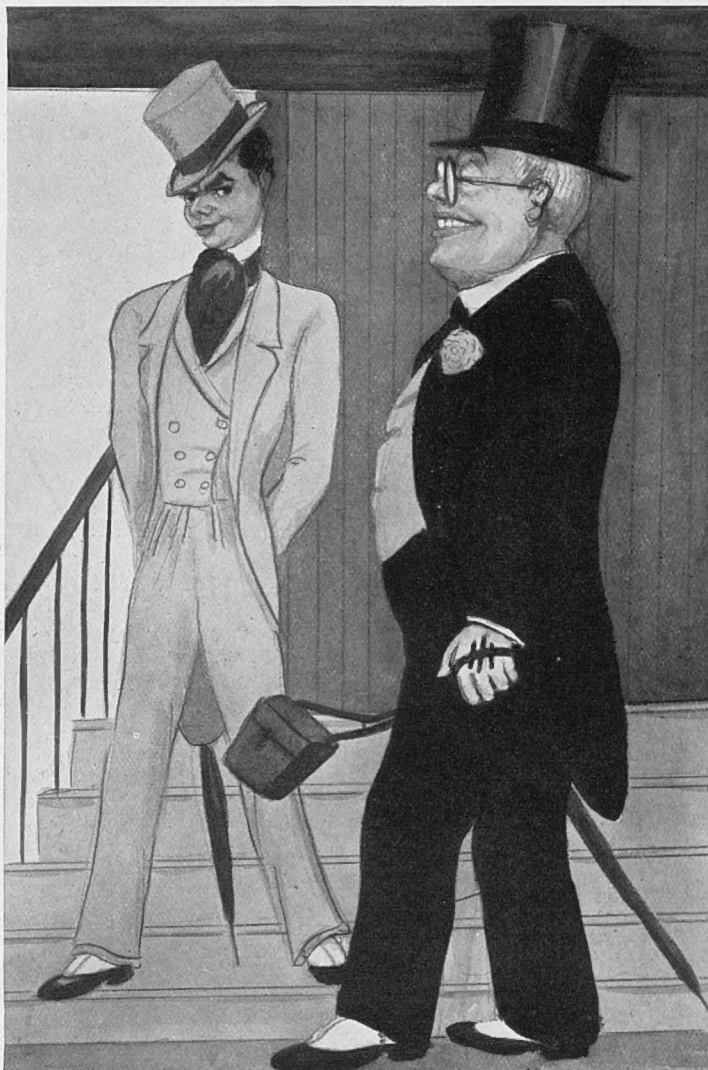
There has been so far no outstanding two-year-old produced of the class of Mumtaz, Town Guard, Orwell, or the like, and there is rather a depressing mediocrity about them all. Colaroma looks like making up into a three-year-old, and Manitoba is one of the nicest individuals so far seen, but there have been no clear-cut victories.

The four-year-olds of last year's bumper crop of three-year-olds will more than hold their own at weight for age with this season's three-year-olds, throughout the season. The paddock and enclosure, like the late Empire promenade, the "premier cosmopolitan club of the world," are wonderful places for meeting people whom you seldom see or haven't seen for ages. It was strolling round here that a surgeon of my acquaintance met a lady he had not seen for some time, and inquired after her husband. "He's been very seedy," she informed him, "suffering from the most distressing loss of memory, and I've had to put him in a home. Do you know he disappeared

for a week, and I eventually traced him to the Metropolitan at Brighton. He had no notion how he got there or why he was there, and his memory had so far gone that he had even signed the wrong name in the register."

Luckily the antics of Banned, who at that moment started to play diabolio with Donoghue, saved him from any comment on such a pathetic and incurable complaint. It must have been more than aggravating for Mrs. Lewis to have paid two expensive entries for this horse and not to have got him even as far as the post on either occasion, for on the following day he had the best of three falls with Cecil Ray, who wisely gave him best, as he had a good ride in the next race.

Our congratulations to George Duller on winning the Hunt Cup, his first race at Ascot. Writing this half-way through the meeting, it looks as though we shall all have to go to Windsor on Saturday, and as they will do nothing about that narrow bridge on to the course, half of us will miss the first race.



PRINCE ALI KHAN AND HIS FATHER, H.H. THE AGA KHAN

The Aga Khan had plenty of compensation at Ascot for not winning this year's Derby as his runner-up, Dastur, won the King Edward VII Stakes, and Udaipur, his Oaks winner, had no trouble to win the Coronation Stakes

ANSTEY ADAPTED IN "OUT OF THE BOTTLE"



MR. ARTHUR
RISCOE, MISS
FRANCES DAY,
AND "BILL"



MISS FRANCES DAY, AND ALSO ON THE RIGHT
IN THE AMUSING PLAY AT THE HIPPODROME

F. Anstey, whose name is really Guthrie and who is now seventy-six, wrote "The Brass Bottle" thirty-two years ago, and it says a good deal for the virility of the humour of that intensely amusing fantasy that it makes as big an appeal to this modern public as it did to the one that lived in the days of the Boer War. "Out of the Bottle" follows the original story pretty closely and we get a tremendous lot of fun out of the gratitude of the released Genie who has been imprisoned for so long in the Eastern bottle—unlimited supplies of lovely houris, Byzantine treasures, and what not. Miss Frances Day, who sings and dances delightfully, bore away an armful of palms, and Mr. Arthur Riscoe, Mr. Clifford Mollison, and Mr. Cecil Humphreys (the Genie) got right inside the spirit of this attractive nonsense. The audience laughs till it cries!

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street



AT A FÊTE AT LULLINGTON

Lady Temple of Stowe, who is on the right in this picture, gave away the prizes at this fête, and some of the little winners in the costume contest are in the foreground. On the left is Mrs. Duckworth of Orchard Leigh where the fête was held. Major Duckworth, her husband, is the Squire of Lullington

Lady Caroline Lamb.

TIME, sooner or later, always pricks the air balloon of our own self-estimation. It is usually one of the most painful experiences of life, at least, among those experiences which we would sooner die than tell. Yet I am not quite sure that you are not really happier when the painful operation has been accomplished. At any rate, you are infinitely wiser and infinitely more pleasant company. When life has knocked you down two or three times, so to speak, you are so much more worth knowing, and because also you know yourself better, you can henceforward build better, and build bigger. The person who has never, or not yet, come up against things with his back to the wall is singularly shallow, both in his feelings as well as in his thoughts. I have just been reading an interesting book written by Miss Elizabeth Jenkins around the life and character of "Lady Caroline Lamb" (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), and while sharing her admiration for this once notorious lady, I must confess that if fate had smacked Lady Caroline sooner she would have been infinitely more worth writing about and worth remembering. As it is, she had too much her own way too soon, and this blessing, if blessing it be, lasted too long. Some people seem born to publish themselves. Whatever they do is somehow or other turned into publicity—even when, and perhaps especially so, they literally scream their desire to be ignored. Lady Caroline was one of these. There was nothing very remarkable about her. She wrote a famous, or infamous, novel in which she introduced all London Society in the thinnest of thin disguises. It made her name among the writers of her day, though it was always tedious enough to read. But perhaps she is best known to later generations for her mad infatuation for Lord Byron. Re-reading the account of this tempestuous love affair my sympathies are all with the poet. As a citadel of virtue Lady Caroline lived entirely with the drawbridge down. Byron crossed the bridge because Lady Caroline, in spite of her thin figure being entirely out of its proper era, was an attractive woman, with the unformed personality which belongs to most young people who have not yet come face to face with any very definite "No." Having captured the restless heart of Byron she, so to speak, closed in upon it to devour him. That he escaped must have been the most dreadful shock of her life. So, like all those whose life has not previously been a succession of "shocks" more or less, Lady Caroline stood among the ruins and screamed at the top of her voice. In a metaphorical sense she organized excursion parties to come to gaze at her broken heart. In fact, she did everything possible to drive Byron farther away; or, for that matter, any man. For years she was really a medical case, only she happened to live in times when the psychological aspect

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

of sex was unstudied. Perhaps her husband, all unconsciously, understood her best. He refused to divorce her and he didn't beat her—which might have done her some good. On the other hand, when his wife grew older and wiser and became the really charming woman she might have become sooner had she not had too much of her own way for too long, he remained her friend and she appreciated his friendship. Yet, when all is said and written, her life makes rather a thin story, although Miss Jenkins has made it extremely readable, thanks to the able way in which she has staged its incidents and its background. The truth is, however, that Lady Caroline Lamb was merely one of those women who can see themselves only in terms of drama and are forever, and perhaps unconsciously, weaving plots in which they can play the most disturbing part—disturbing, that is, to the audience. And there is nothing which can command a larger audience than the cause of a great discomfort. Which is why the Chancellor of the Exchequer looms far larger on the horizon than any Archbishop of Canterbury. Lady Caroline Lamb could always be relied upon to bring her world the more harrowing tidings. When there was nothing else to do she would shock it by revealing too much of the physical aspect of Lady Caroline. The easiest kind of publicity. As an older woman she was infinitely more attractive, though from the aspect of gossip and scandal much more commonplace. A pity that Miss Jenkins's book is not illustrated, however. Lady Caroline and her circle would lend themselves to such beautiful pictures. However, here you have a very interesting life story of a woman whose niche in the Hall of Fame is undoubted if not very obvious. Not one of the great lovers, but at least one of the most strident among the great unloved. And these, perhaps, are more psychologically interesting, if less romantic.

The Woman Who Missed Her Way.

FAR more interesting as a woman, and more poignant as a tragic life story, is that of "The Cyprian" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), otherwise La Charpillon, a once-famous "lady" of Covent Garden. Miss Grace Thompson has told us her story in the new way of history, which is as a tale, with dialogues complete; the main incidents of which are historically correct, more or less. Marianne's tragedy was that she was brought up to be a lady of the easiest virtue, when in reality she ought to have married young and lived "respectable." As a girl, the daughter of a famous French courtesan and the grand-daughter of an infamous brothel-keeper, she became, very young, one of Louis XV's numerous pastimes in the hidden little house in the Parc aux Cerfs in which



IN CO. WEXFORD: COLONEL C. M. GIBBON AND HIS DEEP-SEA CATCH

These pollack and an outside crab were amongst the spoils of a day's deep-sea angling at Kilmore, Co. Wexford. Colonel Charles Gibbon used to be in the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and he was C.I.G.S., New Zealand, in 1914, G.S.O.I. in 1919, and retired in 1920

(Cont. on p. 506)

CHECK-MATED!

By GEORGE BELCHER. A.R.A.



Lady (after glancing at chess problem in evening paper): Really, Matilda, they seem to make these cross-word puzzles more and more difficult

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

His Majesty used to play with very young girls. And yet all her friendship was given to George Selwyn, an Englishman, and if he had only been kinder to her it might have blossomed into love. However, later on it became necessary for little Marianne Charpillon to come to England, and so, still little more than a child, she settled down as one of the famous Covent Garden ladies of the town. But she was never a success. The life bored her. She liked books and quietude and security. But her mother and grandmother were rapacious. Marianne was their livelihood. They had brought her up to be a courtesan and a courtesan she must be, if only for the sake of the next meal for all three of them. When Selwyn showed her how little he really cared the love of her life became John Wilkes. But here, again, she failed. Politics absorbed him. Marianne was merely a rest from his labours, and a pleasant recreation. He educated her, but education made her appreciate beauty and refinement, and so made her mode of life all the more intolerable. Yes, La Charpillon was to be pitied. She was lovable, too. Her kindness to her unspeakable relations made that side of her life almost saint-like. And if Lady Caroline Lamb comes down to fame as a woman who loved Byron and was by him forsaken, La Charpillon's name remains in social history as the one woman who repulsed Casanova after he had used all his wiles to win her heart. The last scene of all, when poor Marianne, now an old woman, is living with her son in Paddington Green is charmingly described. She had found peace at last. No more visits to Vauxhall and to Ranelagh, no more struggling to keep a lover faithful, and still in love; no more demands from greedy relatives, no more bother with men and their appetites. Just peace and books and memories, and always the love of her son. She had two children, but her daughter took to the family business like a duck to water. Altogether Miss Thompson has given us quite a fascinating book. Her Cyprian—who was never really of, although in the world which amuses itself—is a charming person.

A Queer, Absorbing Story.

If Lady Caroline Lamb was born out of her proper era, her tragedy was not more tragic than that of "Mardi" (Noel Douglas. 7s. 6d.), the heroine of Kathleen Hewitt's queer, yet very absorbing novel. Thank goodness, we seem at last to be getting to heroines who, even as you and I, are a mixture of badness, indifference, and some redeeming virtues. One is so weary of the beautiful creature who can do no wrong; who triumphs courageously over every obstacle, and whose virtue, even when it is superficially lost, remains spiritually intact upon the ledger of the Recording Angel. On the other hand, the deliberately vicious heroine is just as tiresome. An unhappy mixture most of us are who are anything at all. And thus is Mardi. Born in a slum, the dirt and horror and ugliness of it all drove her to any lengths in an effort to escape; so she steals clothes and some money from the sordid little hat shop in which she works, and might even have bettered herself on the proceeds, had not the proprietor of a low-down night club become cognizant

of her theft and blackmailed her by threats to become a decoy for his business. A liaison with a miserable young medical student follows. She is infinitely superior to her lover, but, of course, his mother doesn't think so. Consequently, when she buys off the girl, and the promise of marriage which her son has given her with a cheque, Mardi can at last make a real start in life. She opens a shop of her own in partnership with an ex-prostitute, who, alas! finds that the "better life" entails work, and so goes under once again in the effort to make an honest living. Mardi has other adventures, but she finds happiness at last; not by an act of God, which is the refuge of most novelists when their stories must end happily, but by her own natural wit and courage. As I wrote above, it is a queer story, but absorbing. One feels that the characters are real; that the picture of London life, which is neither underworld nor respectable, is a true one. With all her faults Mardi is attractive and lovable, and if she had been born with a hundred a year and in decent surroundings most of her faults would have been still-born. It

is so easy to feel quite good in a garden. To feel as good in a filthy slum is a different matter. Anything to get out of it, somehow. Which is why quite a number of people take to drink and others go wrong. And the word "slum" may be taken metaphorically as well as actually. Mardi emerges by the only means she could emerge from the early life which was hers. Miss Hewitt realizes that truth is rarely sentimental. Which is why her novel seems so life-like, and Mardi, her heroine, one of ourselves, with all her faults, or perhaps by reason of them.

An Irish Story.

In "The Saint and Mary Kate" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Frank O'Connor has made a most effective mixture of sentiment and realism, managing to give us a picture true to life

and yet at the same time more beautiful than life ever makes its pictures, except when we look back upon them. It is a novel of characters, the main theme being a slight but very beautiful love affair between a little girl, whose mother was a prostitute, and a boy whose religion verged upon a very beautiful religious mania. Mary Kate was no saint, but she had the simple honesty and innate innocence which can merge in the saintliness of others. Phil, who so wanted to live a Christ-like life, was sufficiently human not to be merely a figure in a stained-glass window. Their love affair, so natural on her side, so idealized on his, was beautiful, simply because when, so to speak, it came down to earth the earth grew flowers. But these lovers are not all the story. One is always amused by Mary Kate's mother who, though long separated from her "husband," kept on increasing the family, and by her sister who was always wanting to "go wrong," except that even in a slum she found it none too easy, she being what she was. The men of Cork had certain standards. The background, and those who inhabited it, is amusing and interesting, but quite unromantic. On the other hand, the love story between Mary Kate and Phil is a thing of beauty beautifully told. In fact Mr. O'Connor has given us a story which is very attractive to read and to remember. An idyll of young love in a matter-of-fact, unromantic world. An idyll which too often dies as maturity dawns, alas!



Irate Landowner: Dammit! D'you realize I'm the man who pays rates and taxes for this land?

Picnicker: Really! How interesting. I'm the man who sends you your final demand notes.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE



CAPTAIN ERNEST NICKS (Knight Vice-President and Knight Remembrancer)
AND SIR HENRY CURTIS BENNETT, K.C.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE (Deputy Knight Standard Bearer)
AND THE EARL OF ATHLONE (the Guest of Honour)



LORD BADEN-POWELL AND MR. RUMNEY
REMER, M.P.



SIR HENRY MCCARDIE (Deputy Knight
President) AND LORD QUEENBOROUGH



MR. J. DIXON AND
SIR ERNEST WILD

These Knights of the Round Table who muster periodically at the Hyde Park Hotel do not have to go out into the blue in Lyonesse, or anywhere else, rescuing lovely ladies from castles completely surrounded by dragons, and also heavily picketed by hostile knights, but they manage to have a bit of quiet fun all the same. At these dinners there are always a number of distinguished people, and on this particular occasion the Earl of Athlone, the brother of H.M. the Queen, was the guest of honour. South Africa said good-bye to Lord Athlone at the conclusion of his extended term of office with deeper regret than she has ever felt when bidding adieu to any previous Governor-General. Mr. Justice (Sir Henry) McCardie, as will be observed, was the Deputy Knight President on this brilliant occasion, and his Standard Bearer, Sir John Moore, is in the picture with the principal guest



CAPTAIN J. BELL WHITE, ADMIRAL SIR DUDLEY DE CHAIR, LIEUT.-COLONEL P. R. LAURIE AND
MR. ALEXANDER HOWARD

Photographs by Arthur Owen



THE GREYS WIN THE JUNIOR COLTS' CUP AT KANELAGH

Lady Mary Herbert giving the cups to the victors over Norton Bavant (rec. 2½) beaten 6 to 5½. The Greys' team was Messrs. Peter Paget, M. H. Lopes, R. L. Findlay, and H. R. Mackeson

THE first day of real polo weather in London was the one upon which the final of the Whitney Cup and the first tie in the Inter-Regimental were played on the No. 1 ground at Hurlingham. As that was the second week of June, it can be left to people in parts of the world where they regulate their climate better than we do here to visualize the size of the difficulties with which we have to compete. Supposing, just for a lark, we were due to play America for that Cup next year, a nice lot of galloping polo our unfortunate team would have been able to play, even with the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club grounds upon which to fall back. I think the mention of these dates very strongly backs up the suggestion of a West Country correspondent that, in any future operation v. America, the B.H.P.C. and not Hurlingham should be made the concentration centre. This seems to be the obvious thing to do with an ever-present risk. It is only necessary to point to the fact that according to plan the Championship ought to have started on June 20, and has had to be put back to July 11—the thick end of a month's delay! The final was to have been played on June 25; it is now to be played on July 16. The grounds at the big centre in the west have been "possible" most of May; certainly all the latter half, in spite of the rain.

It is an ill-wind, however, that blows nobody any good, and all this rain has been grand growing weather for the grass. I have never seen the No. 1 ground at Hurlingham looking better than it did for that Whitney Cup final (won by Osmaston) and the Life Guards v. Royal Navy tie in the Inter-Regimental, and the Hurlingham ground staff and all concerned, including Colonel Arthur Duff, get full marks. It is good enough for either croquet or bowls, and at present is a first-class wicket for a batsman. I defy anyone to find a weed on this really beautiful turf, and though any ground in this country is bound to cut up a bit after a chukker or two and make the ball jump, I do not think I have ever seen Hurlingham play better. It dries a lot quicker than it might be expected to do, and when a dry autumn happens it becomes necessary to water hard. There has been no necessity for that this season, nor was there last September; the result is sheer perfection, and it makes a wonderful frame for the beautiful garden, which Hurlingham is. There seems to be an idea abroad that the membership of Hurlingham has dropped very considerably owing to causes which, of course, it is quite unnecessary to particularize. This is not so. Economies are necessary in every enterprise or organization, as we all know, but it is a pity to try to make things out to be worse than they are. They are not even

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

bad in a good many cases; but it seems to be fashionable to pretend that they are. On this first real polo day to which reference has been made, the stands both sides of the ground were well filled, and it was no easier than usual to get a table for tea in between matches. Croakers kindly note!

As to the Whitney Cup final I think, as observed before, that we saw one of the Championship finalists—Osmaston. They beat The Panthers (rec. 3½) by 11 to 7½; but the game was not really so one-sided as the score may make it look. For the first three chukkers The Panthers hung on to them like good 'uns, and at the end of that period, i.e. half-way over, the score was 6½ to 3, The Panthers win—that is to say they were still their points ahead, and every man-Jack in the team had pulled his weight—and then some. The score ought to have been 11 to 8½ at the end because one absolute sitter was missed in the fourth chukker, which started an appalling barrage put down by the Osmaston people. They got eight all in a row—a most relentless slaughter—and the gentleman behind was even more uncompromising than he usually is. Major Harrison is a marvel, and a fall which might have been awkward did not put him off his stroke at all. It was no sort of bump that brought him down but the pony just happened to be on the wrong leg. What England have missed in him and the present Lord Rosebery owing only to a thing called *avoids*—and by this I do not mean fat; for I do not think you could find any on either of them—I cannot attempt to say. Both are also really first-class coachmen and Lord Rosebery still one of the best men to hounds of his weight in all England. If each of them had been 21 lb. lighter America would not have had any kind of monopoly in Dev. Milburns. It is a treat to watch Major Harrison: meeting them, or back-handers, it's all the same, and they come up same like as if a mule had kicked them.

Captain Pat Roark, the Osmaston No. 3, was going in his very best form, especially from the 4th chukker onwards, and that bad concussion he got at Del Monte, only last March be it noted, has left him none the worse, thank goodness. He was "out" for six days, which says a lot to them as knows. Luckily there was no fracture, and there is no sign whatever of his not seeing the ball as well as ever he did. It sometimes happens that after a smash like that people do not manage to focus. In this second half of the Whitney final Osmaston, it is true, had a tiring team in front of them. The Panthers were out-ponied, and their only real chance was to win in the first half, and hope to be able to hang on. It was not to be, but it was no fault of theirs. Captain Sanderson, their No. 2, and Captain Dudley

(Continued on p. xii)



OSMASTON BEAT UBIQUE AT ROEHAMPTON

A good snapshot of the opening tie in the Roehampton Open Cup which Sir Ian Walker's Osmaston team won very decisively by 10 to 6 from Ubiq, a Gunner team. The Gunners' No. 1, Captain B. J. Fowler, is on the boards



Yvonne.

DAUGHTER OF A GREAT HUNTING CELEBRITY:
LADY MAINWARING

Lady Mainwaring is the wife of Sir Harry Mainwaring, Bt., and the daughter of Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, whose name is very celebrated in Cheshire hunting history; for, amongst other occurrences in a distinguished career of the chase, he was selected to succeed "Bay" Middleton to pilot the hapless Empress of Austria when she was hunting in Cheshire. The reason for "Bay" getting his congé as a pilot, rumour said, was because he was taking too many falls—a good many of them, it is true, galloping through muddy gateways, which are often far more treacherous than any obstacle. Mrs. "Peach" Borwick, the wife of Colonel Borwick, late Master of the Middleton, is a daughter of "Bay" Middleton and has inherited a great deal of her father's riding talent.

THE THREE COUNTIES SHOW



MR. AND MRS. HILTON
GREEN AND (right) MRS.
SIMMONDS, M.F.H.
(Right.) LORD AND LADY
BATHURST



MISS PHYLLIS PRICE OF
ROSS AND A COMPETITOR



THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, MRS. GWYNNE HOLFORD, THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT,
M.F.H. (THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY), MRS. F. W. B. CRIPPS
AND MAJOR F. W. B. CRIPPS

The Three Counties Show at Gloucester was lucky enough to hit the day upon which summer was alleged to have returned to England and certainly gave a very good imitation of having done it. Good entries and a good gallery made the rest of it a certainty. Lord Bathurst, M.F.H. (V.W.H. Lord Bathurst's), was the President. His Lordship's deep research into the science of breeding foxhounds is well known, and he is the author of some most useful books on the subject. His hounds are one of the most beautiful packs in all England. Masters of hounds abounded at this show, as Mr. "Chatty" Hilton Green is Master of the Cottesmore and Mrs. Simmonds Master of the South Hereford; and, as it hardly need be said, the Duke of Beaufort is Master of the historic family pack and shares with Mr. Hilton Green the reputation of being one of the quickest amateur huntmen in the Three Kingdoms. Mrs. F. W. B. Cripps is Lady Cromwell's mother, and Major F. W. B. Cripps is ex-Chairman of the County Council of Gloucestershire

Photographs by W. Dennis Moss



H.M. THE KING'S FAMOUS OLD CUTTER, "BRITANNIA," IN COMMISSION AGAIN

One of the best pictures ever taken of H.M. the King's famous yacht, which has finished her trials in the Solent after being reconditioned in Camper and Nicholson's Yard, Portsmouth. His Majesty will be sailing in her in most of her engagements at Cowes this season, and no doubt she will render as good an account of herself as of yore. In a good sailing breeze "Britannia" can always be depended upon to hold her own with the best, and on occasion has done well even in what yachtsmen call "light airs." "Britannia" was built 38 years ago, and she has won over 200 first prizes in less than 500 races—a really great record. She is not only a beautiful thing on racing lines, but, what is not always its accompaniment, a comfortably fitted cruiser.

The R.Y.S. Royal Regatta starts at Cowes on August 2 and carries on until the 5th

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER.—I presume that it is because I am so fond—and have been so fond all my life—of the theatre that I have never ceased to feel an immense thrill at the sight and sound of a vast audience in the throes of its enthusiasm for a perfect performance. I love the sound of applause. Argentina, back again in Paris from her European tour and a brilliant winter season in the States, gave two recitals at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. The big theatre, which is one of the handsomest in Paris, was packed from stalls to the topmost row of the gallery, and, at both performances, hundreds were turned away, so that she has been obliged to give a third performance at the Trocadéro—which is about the size of the Albert Hall—to content her admirers. Very generously, I think, she is giving this recital for her poorer friends, and the seats, in consequence, will only cost from five to twenty francs!

Argentina is marvellous! For years I have told you this and—*O Dummerkopf!*—you did not seem impressed until last summer when, thanks to C. B. Cochran, you saw her in London, endorsed my opinion, and took her to your “buzzum.” Argentina is the only great *artiste* I know who is always equal to her very best. Sometimes, when she encores a dance, I have heard the captious critics say: “Oh! but she did that differently this time!” This is because she is so certain, so perfectly sure of her technique that she can afford to *appèar* to improvise, to lay stress on a glance that had only been indicated before, laugh instead of smile, convey her gratitude to the audience for its appreciation by an *œillade*, or, in her peasant dances, a confiding, sly and adorable little wink!

Not that she ever does, actually, improvise, no matter how greatly she may give the impression of doing so. Her steps and gestures are performed with immutable precision even when she repeats that most exhausting of all her dances, the *Puerta de Tierra*—music by Albeniz—in which the “quickness of the feet does not deceive the heye!” And yet she seems to be the perfection of spontaneous and untutored grace. It was the great actor Lucien Guitry who said: “How hard one must work in order to appear natural!”

At her second recital, eight of her dances, out of the twelve that composed the programme, were new to us. There was also the novelty of seeing her appear as a slim youth in de Falla's *Danse du Meunier*. Buckled shoes, maroon knee-breeches, long-fronted waistcoat and a soft crêpe skirt form a less graceful attire than the rich, gold-embroidered skirts and apron of the wealthy peasant from the province of Salamanca (the *Charrada*), or the indolent draperies of the green-and-rose-coloured wrapper worn for the Cuban *rumba*; but Argentina's dancing is so perfect, and her every movement so beautiful, that she does not need to rely on the aid of her costumes, beautiful as they always are, to amaze and delight her audience. You will see her in London again this year at the two special performances at the Savoy Theatre, July 4th and 6th.

There is much to see and do in Paris these days. At certain times and at certain places the “depression” we hear so much of seems to be a myth. (Of other places and other times, however, it is perhaps wiser not to speak!) The Russian ballets are filling the Opéra Comique nightly. The Germans at the Opéra draw audiences that have booked their seats three months in advance . . . and obviously do not regret their bawbees! The recently reopened Restaurant des Ambassadeurs is crowded, and—at the time of writing—so are the restaurants in the Bois.

Another company of Russian Ballet, that M. René Blum has brought from Monte Carlo, opened at the Théâtre des



Walery, Paris

Mlle. YVONNE PRINTEMPS IN “DESIRE À LA MADELEINE”

The latest picture of the picturesque little lady who is the wife of that brilliant genius, Sacha Guitry, who combines in the one man a playwright and an actor of the greatest talent each in his separate entity



Studio Piaz

“SPI’S” LATEST COIFFURE

Spinelly calls this little effort in hair arrangement “L’Amour à l’Américaine” and no one can say that it does not suit her

Champs Elysées the day after Argentina's second recital. There also bare shoulders and white ties create an air of prosperity that gives the lie to the mumblings of the pessimists. I was not particularly enraptured by the ballet inspired by Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, with music by Richard Strauss—'twas neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring—but *Concurrence*, by André Derain, to the music of Georges Auric, is a delightful absurdity as to costume, choreography, and *décor*, with a philosophical little scenario.

Two rival merchants set up their wares in the same (imaginary) little town. They employ every method of persuasion and advertisement to steal each other's customers. Two clans are formed: sides are taken with great animation, and even fury, until the more sensible citizens rise up in their wrath and drive the shop-keepers away from the city. When they find themselves alone, ragged and bruised from the man-handling they have received, they become friends, congratulate each other upon their escape, count up, and even share, their gains, and move on to seek another town where they will again start their business, and again become enemies—for they know that, wherever they go, they will find vanity to exploit, and therefore cause their rivalry.

With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.

"A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN"



EDWINA BOOTH'S LATEST PICTURE



BILLIE
DOVE



INA CLAIRE AND JOAN BLONDELL



JOAN
CRAWFORD

All these beautiful ladies, so well known in the moving-picture world, were induced to submit to what the film people call "stills" while they were doing nothing in particular and doing it very well. Edwina Booth's beauty was not her only passport to success, for she has talent plus personality; and Billie Dove, they say, easily could have been an artist if she had not considered there were more dollars in the celluloid drama. The snapshot was at Malibu Beach, California, and her subject possibly was "A Heat Wave." One of her latest films is "Cock of the Air." Joan Crawford has been playing opposite lead to Clark Gable in "Possessed," and Ina Claire and Joan Blondell are two gold-diggers in the Samuel Goldwyn film, "The Greeks Had a Word For Them," which started at our London Plaza on the 17th. The Greeks' word probably was "Hetairai."

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

Mummers in their Hours of EaseCOCAINED!—MARGARET VINES, SEBASTIAN SHAW
AND BENITA HUME"WOTCHER,
CLAPHAM!"
(NORAH HOWARD)

DEAR Miranda, darling Duggie, nice Betty, good old Fay—above all, divine, regal Mrs. Macdonald. Trained endearments fly faster and thicker at theatrical parties than anywhere else. They cannot help performing at Mr. Ivor Novello's *Party*, since it offers an authentic sketch of a first-night celebration (one of the bright kind, for they can be *very flat*).

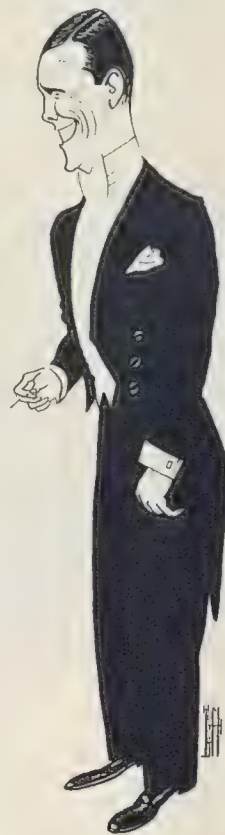
I do not suggest that it is usual at first-night parties for the leading lady's cocaine-box to be sniffed empty by her ex-lover's young wife, who thereupon dives into something like *rigor mortis*. The plot, however, is here but a framework for its background. It concerns Miranda Clayfoot, starring in a drama and waiting to learn whether it will fizz or flop, and how she tries to lure back Sir Philip Bay-Clender. The production is less a play than an entertainment, and a hilarious, provocative one at that.

Part of the provocation comes from a note on the programme: "as the characters are purely imaginary, any attempt to identify them is strongly deprecated." That reads like an enticement to do what is deprecated. In such surroundings and in this hot weather, the attempt is not worth while. Unless the tiny world of the London stage is your own, it hardly matters

whether Miranda suggests Miss X. Y., now in Hollywood, or whether this other character derives from a woman designer and that other from a notorious critic. The one inspiration which cannot be mistaken is Mrs. Patrick Campbell, from whose bearing and diction much has been clearly drawn for the Mrs. Macdonald in the play. There can be no harm in thrusting the portrait before readers, since Lilian Braithwaite, in this part, is on the side of the histrionic angels. Hers is celestial caricature, in which charm overcomes the exaggeration. There could be no kinder, or more amusing, burlesque than Mrs. Macdonald's majesty when she demands a backer, or, if not that, some strawberries and cream.

Only enough plot is introduced to keep suspense in the air. Miranda invites to her party the Bay-Clenders, just back from their honeymoon. She has an enamel box filled with cocaine, but swears she has never, never doped and never will dope unless an extra kick is needed for Bay's enticement. Miranda, finally, will marry Lord Ellerton if her play fails, but if it succeeds she will go on rejecting him.

The rest of the first two acts is an assembly of mummers in their hours of ease, and of bright young thingummies, full of insistent inconsequence and awfully smart talk (there are no fewer than three jokes about virginity). It is a glorified professional cabaret, better than any provided by the supper-dance places in Leicester Square. "Come on,

PORTRAIT OF A
PEER
(MARTIN LEWIS)

A SONG OF SPRING
FROM DOUGLAS BYNG

Duggie!" Douglas Byng emerges from the guests to sing his abominably funny song about Springtime. "Come on, Betty!" Elizabeth Pollock does her well-worn imitations of other actresses, including Lilian Braithwaite. Namara does operatic trimmings at the piano. Lilian Braithwaite bridges the gap between haphazard turn and the latent drama with a finely recited fable about a mermaid who tried to wreck a boat carrying young lovers into safety.

The dramatic thread twists into its pattern during the last act. Miranda having poured much neat brandy into Bay, he falls into more than an embrace—it is an all-in wrestling hold that lasts minutes by the wrist-watch. Remorse from the husband, decision by Miranda to stop vamping him, arrival of the morning papers containing the play's notices. Miranda, proclaiming that she never reads what critics say, rushes to see what they have said. What they have said is horrid. Miranda assumes relief; she can now marry Lord Ellerton, and have freedom from poor parts, unpaid bills, and unrewarded striving. Engagement announcement, and departure of most of the guests except Mrs. Macdonald, who has stalked into the kitchen to cook bacon and eggs. There is also the hurt, unnoticed wife, upstairs and forgotten until

Bay finds her prostrate, with a rigid hand clasping the dope-box, emptied of enough cocaine to kill any two film stars. But Mrs. Macdonald, bless her tragedian's heart, had done a conjuring trick and given the cocaine to an aspidistra. The Bay-Clenders can leave in safety and unity.

The star of the evening and the one from yesterday's twilight are left eating their bacon and eggs. Miranda claims to be looking forward to marriage because it involves divorce from the stage, the sordid stage of disordered lives. Mrs. Macdonald does not believe the divorce will happen; she mentions a temperamental spark that will insist on glowing. And Mrs. Macdonald knows best: when Sir Gerald du Maurier rings up (at 3.30 a.m.) to offer Miranda a fat part, she tosses her hat and engagement over the windmill and rapturously accepts.

Honours in performance go definitely to Lilian Braithwaite. She is well served by the author, but it is the contribution from her wide-eyed personality that dominates the stage. Benita Hume has come several steps forward with her Miranda. She amuses and often convinces, although here and there her acting seems untidy. I admired the fine repose given by Margaret Vines to the young

wife, and liked Sebastian Shaw's Bay, an excellent character-cameo by Joan Swinstead, and Norah Howard as a some-time chorus girl.

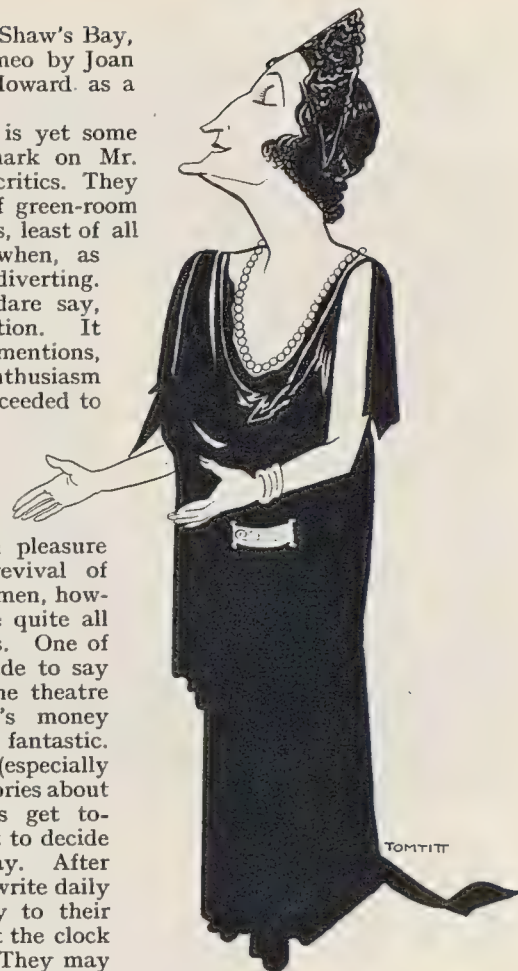
Merely because there is yet some space to fill, I will remark on Mr. Novello's remarks about critics. They are the whipping boys of green-room gossip, and nobody minds, least of all themselves; especially when, as in *Party*, the blows are diverting. Some of the blows, I dare say, have a degree of justification. It is correct, as Mr. Novello mentions, that the critics failed in enthusiasm over *Romance*, which proceeded to run for a couple of years. They also failed to praise *Abie's Irish Rose*, which ran for five years all over America. One looks forward with pleasure and humility to the revival of these great plays. Laymen, however, should not believe quite all that is said about critics. One of the two in *Party* is made to say that he must damn the theatre because his proprietor's money is in films; which is fantastic.

I have heard actors (especially actresses) telling wild stories about how the devilish critics get together after a first night to decide on damnation for a play. After the show, the men who write daily notices must trot away to their offices, and write against the clock and the next edition. They may not be harmless, and nobody wants them as household pets. Yet according to their lights and the limits of the space allowed them, they are poor but honest.

The laughter from *Party*, for the rest, is deep, long, willing, frequent and sustained. To share it, audiences should flock to the Strand Theatre for months after it has exhausted the small public that can recognise real persons behind the invented characters. An apocryphal tale is told of how, at a first night lately, the author—an awfully handsome actor still in

his thirties—rushed up to a still younger playwright of still greater consequence, and asked, "Darling, what do you think of it?" The answer was, "Oh, well, we can't complain!" (as the characters are purely imaginary, any attempt to identify them is strongly deprecated). None can complain of the entertainment in *Party*. Visitors from Melton Mowbray or Chicago, who know nothing of back-stage manners and mannerisms, will enjoy it. Mr. Novello has not made the mistake of thinking that his own occupation must interest merely because it is the theatre. He

removed unwanted innards before cooking his theatrical chicken; and he has served it with well-spiced sauce, which is blended for everybody's palate.

"THERE ONCE WAS
A MERMAID" (LILIAN
BRAITHWAITE)GIRLS TOGETHER: JOAN SWINSTEAD
AND DORIS GILMORE

TWO RECENT AND
NOTABLE DANCES

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SOCIETY BALL

R. S. Crisp

A group of the Ball Stewards' party (back row, left to right): Lord Acheson, Miss B. Blythe, Miss B. Belsham, Mr. D. H. Alexander, Miss Roylance, Mr. R. Nunneley, Miss M. Hadland, Mr. J. A. Tallent. Third row: Mr. D. Jones Roberts, Miss M. Dean, Miss N. Harvey, Mr. H. F. W. Holmes, Miss H. Morgan, Mr. O. Norman, Miss M. R. Harbinson, Mr. G. Blackburn, Mr. D. C. Lavender. Second row: Miss I. Webb, Mr. W. A. Law, Miss P. Leatham, Mr. G. W. Powell (President), Miss J. Simpson, Mr. H. R. Wynne (Hon. Sec.), Miss F. M. E. Keysell. Front row: Mr. R. G. Nairn, Miss M. MacRae, Mr. D. M. Marr, Miss J. Bruce, Mr. C. A. Malfray, Miss B. Cowell, Mr. P. F. James, Miss A. Brooke.



R. S. Crisp

(IN FRONT) MISS M. HORSMAN AND MISS E. FALCONER. (AT BACK) MR. H. TILLING AND MR. P. HAZELL



AT THE ROSE OF EMPIRE BALL: SIR CECIL LOWTHER, LADY BIRKENHEAD, MR. VIVIAN HOLLAND, AND LADY LOWTHER



LADY MURIEL BECKWITH, LORD LONSDALE, AND CORA, LADY STRAFFORD

COL. SIR LEONARD AND LADY VIOLET BRASSEY
AND MRS. M. H. BENSON (RIGHT)

The Rose of Empire Ball, which was organised in aid of the National Institute for the Blind, was held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, and if the huge numbers are any index it ought to have resulted in a substantial cheque for this greatly deserving institution. Lady Muriel Beckwith, who had a dinner-party before the ball, was given a picture of the Queen to be sold. Lord Lonsdale and Cora, Lady Strafford, were amongst Lady Muriel Beckwith's guests. Lady Violet Brassey is a daughter of the late Duke of Richmond, and Sir Leonard Brassey is an ex-Senior Steward of the Jockey Club. Coming close on the tail of the Cambridge May Races, the Cambridge Medical Society Ball happened at a moment when everyone was well keyed-up, and it is said by everyone who was there to have been a tremendous success.



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THEIR SUNDAY OFF



THE PEACEFUL PROSPECT OF

"THE SUMMER COMES WITH"

By FRED



IN THE STACK YARD



BURGHCLERE DOWNS, HANTS

TH FLOWER AND BEE."—HEMANS
ED HALL



DOLCIS



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THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



PROGRAM COMING IN FINE!

RICHMOND ROYAL

HORSE SHOW



MRS. FITZGERALD AND MISS IRENE
MANN-THOMPSON



AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW:
SIR WALTER GILBEY
AND MRS. BARBARA LOWTHER



MR. O. GILBEY, MR. BLACKMORE
AND MRS. A. C. RAPHAEL



MRS. A. J. MUNNINGS AND THE HON.
MRS. JOHN RUSSELL

Richmond Horse Show had gorgeous weather, a wonderful good entry and an enthusiastic "audience" all through, and also the presence of our greatest *censor morum* where riding kit is concerned, to add to the possibilities of success. Sir Walter Gilbey is perfectly right. You ought to dress for the part, no matter what it is, and refrain from riding steeplechases in rowing shorts or fox-hunting in plus-fours or Channel-swimming kit. He had no remarks to make about Mrs. Lowther—for reasons which will be obvious. Mrs. Fitzgerald is with her little daughter, just before she had a dart in the Musical Chairs (Mounted) Competition. Mrs. Munnings, the wife of the famous R.A., who is with the Hon. Mrs. John Russell, is a very frequent competitor at horse shows and rides very well. Lady Suffield was formerly the Hon. Olwen Philipps



LADY SUFFIELD
AND MRS. ALLEN SWINTON

IN THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN



THE PYTCHLEY PUPPY SHOW
Sir Charles Frederick, Lord Spencer,
Lord Althorp, Col. J. G. Lowther,
M.F.H., and Mr. Ronald Tree, M.F.H.

Bale



Bale

**THE JUDGES: LORD HILLINGDON, M.F.H.,
AND MR. IKEY BELL, M.F.H.**



**AT THE SANDARS-ELWES WEDDING:
SIR EGERTON HAMOND-GRAEME
AND LADY RODD**



Swabe

**AN ALDERSHOT CHRISTENING: LADY ROSEMARY JEFFRIES, CAPTAIN BABINGTON,
THE BABY, LADY ANNE BABINGTON AND SIR JAMES AND LADY BABINGTON**

The Pytchley Puppy Show pictures include some particularly well-known hunting celebrities, amongst them the Joint-Masters, Colonel Jack Lowther and Mr. Ronald Tree, who have made such a big success of things in the kennel and out of it; Sir Charles Frederick, an ex-Master of the Pytchley; Lord Spencer, whose family name spells "Pytchley," and whose family colours the Masters and hunt servants wear—a clarety coat with a white collar—and the two famous Masters who were judging, Lord Hillingdon (Grafton) and Mr. Ikey Bell (S. and W. Wilts and formerly Blazers and Kilkenny), and it is good hearing that the entry is a most promising one. They have a lot of their old Statesman blood still in the kennel and it is bad to beat. Miss Margaret Elwes, Lady Winifrede Elwes's daughter, was married to Mr. Eric Sandars early last week at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Westminster. Lady Rodd is the wife of the world-famous diplomat, Sir Rennell Rodd. Sir Egerton Hamond-Graeme's seat is in the Isle of Wight. Captain Geoffrey and Lady Anne Babington's little daughter was christened at the Garrison Church, Aldershot. Captain Babington is in the 16/5th Lancers

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

THE following interesting letter has arrived to me from my valued friend Vernon Bartlett, the Secretary of the League of Nations in this country and the clever person to whom so many of us listen with such pleasure over the wireless. My friend writes:

MY DEAR SABRETACHE,—I cannot let your friendly comment on my broadcast talks pass without sending a work of thanks and one of explanation. I did, it is true, suggest that if Russia were to become involved in the present Sino-Japanese dispute there might be the danger of another world war. You suggest that if the League—that is to say, this and other Governments—could not prevent a real war between China and Japan, the power of money would do so. But would it? At present, despite the danger that the conflict might spread, there is, instead of a freezing of all credits, a steady export of armaments to one or both the countries involved from Great Britain, the United States, and the principal armament-producing countries of Europe. I am convinced that a general determination to prevent war would prevent it, but I am not sufficiently convinced that such a determination exists. I went on to suggest that in the event of a Russo-Japanese war leading to a Japanese victory, there would be in the United States a very wide-spread belief that war between America and Japan was inevitable. I agree with you that, since the general staffs of these two countries are not "blithering idiots," war might never come about, but the fear of a war is nearly as great an obstacle to prosperity as the fact of one. Lastly, I think you slightly misunderstood my forecast of events if Russia happened to be victorious. I did not suggest "a



Eric Guy

AT THE NEWBURY OLD ENGLISH FAYRE.
LADY CARNARVON AND HER CHILDREN

Lady Carnarvon opened the Fayre, which provided such a hatful of jolly fun for a lot of people, and the "Comic" Dog Show pictured below was one of the events. The two children are Lord Porchester and Lady Penelope Herbert



general onset," but I did suggest an immense development of Communism throughout the Far East, which would be nearly as awkward for this and other countries with large interests in that part of the world as actual physical fighting.

Fortunately there is always this difficulty of fighting over long lines of communication to reinforce common sense, and I can only hope that, while the impression I gave was more gloomy than I had intended, what I had intended to convey was in itself more gloomy than it should have been. And if that last sentence sounds too complicated, let me paraphrase it by saying that I am more cheerful than I sound.

My main point in my previous note was that war in the Far East, in which Russia, the U.S.A., and Japan could become involved, was not likely for some very good reasons. As regards Russia v. Japan, the Soviet General Staff presumably has access to the archives recording what happened to the Tsarist Armies in 1904. The position is even less hopeful for Russia now than it was then. Her land-

Eric Guy

WHAT AN ASS I FEEL!

But he won a first all the same. The dog is Miss Rennie's Dalmatian at the Newbury Old English Fayre. Miss Rennie is the daughter of Brigadier-General G. A. P. Rennie, of Osmington House, Kintbury

ward communications are just as vulnerable—in fact, more so, because aircraft have made a bit of an advance since 1904, when, as a military arm, they were non-existent. The Russian landward line of supply and reinforcement might not survive for even a fortnight. Japan is quite strong enough in the air to make this statement true. Russia would not have any sea communications five seconds after the declaration of war. Japan's absolute command of the sea would present her with her own place and moment for any overseas operation she might elect to undertake. Russia would be certain to lose Vladivostok as a preliminary, and would be forced into an abject and unconditional surrender. I can see no other possible result.

Where a war Japan v. the U.S.A. is concerned, is it conceivable that Japan would omit to invite the American naval attack upon the longest drawn-out lines possible? A naval force cannot go into action without its medical unit to pick up the pieces any more safely than a land force. Provision must be made for the wounded in each case. For the soldier substitute the ship. The Russian Navy completely destroyed by Japan at Tsushima in 1904 is an object-lesson worth remembering. It was history's greatest wild-goose chase. The greatest guarantee of peace is the Pacific Ocean!

(Continued on page 911)



P. B. Abern

HIS HONOUR AND A LADY: SIR ARTEMUS AND LADY JONES AT RHAYADER

Sir Artemus Jones has been a County Court Judge for North Wales since 1930, and he is a Bencher of the Middle Temple, to which Lady Jones was called as a stuff gownsman, on June 8th. It is about the first time that this can have happened in the whole history of the legal profession. In her final Lady Jones got three firsts, Roman, Criminal and Real Property Law, and two seconds—a great performance

IT'S DANDY

What's dandy? The dog's Dandy—Mr. Dandy Dinmont. And, if you're not too untransatlantic to know what we mean, it's dandy to go walking with him, when you're wearing really comfortable shoes like Cantilever Shoes.

For Cantilever Shoes are designed to allow your big toe plenty of room and prevent it from being cramped and pushed over on to the other toes. They are, in fact, made with a straight inner line which leaves your toes comfortable and free to help you with your walking and avoids the squeezing, bunching tendencies of many other shoes, which make all walking needlessly tiring.

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BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THE following tale is supposed to originate from Mr. J. R. Gregson, of the famous Yorkshire Players, and concerns a time when his theatrical company was touring in Scotland. They opened at Ayr, and though the audience seemed to be following the play attentively, there was no applause. At the end of the second act, when the silence was still unbroken, Mr. Gregson approached a scene-shifter. "Don't folks ever applaud here?" he asked.

"Och, aye," was the reply. "There was twa fellows started to clap last week, but we soon had 'em oot."

A wealthy clergyman called one Sunday upon his favourite nephew, who hoped one day to benefit under the cleric's will. Upon arrival, he was informed by the nephew's wife that her husband was at the golf club.

"Oh, so he plays golf on a Sunday, does he?" he inquired in tones of displeasure.

"Oh, no," replied the wife, doing her best, "he doesn't go to the club on Sundays to play golf, he just goes to drink."

"I am very sorry to have to tell you," said the doctor to the waiting husband, "that your wife's mind is completely gone."

"Well," replied the callous husband, "I'm not surprised. After all, she's been giving me a piece of it every day for fifteen years."

A man who had just returned from Paris was relating a thrilling experience at the club.

"Yes," he said, "an Apache sprang at me in one of the streets of Paris, snatched my pocket-case of notes, and bolted! The gendarmes chased him, and just when he looked like being caught, he leapt into the river—"

"Ah!" said a listener, "Guilty but in Seine."

A newly-wed couple were having turkey for the first time in their married life. "I don't know how it is," remarked the husband, "but this bird's got bones all over it. Just listen to the knife on them."

"Oh, how silly you are, darling!" the wife exclaimed, "those aren't bones. Those are the shells."

"Shells?"

"Yes. Don't you remember you said you liked turkey with oyster stuffing?"

A minister told his flock that he had a "call" to go to another church. One of the deacons asked how much more he was offered.

"One hundred pounds," was the reply.

"Well, I don't blame you for going," remarked the deacon, "but you should be more exact in your language, parson. That isn't a 'call,' that's a 'rise.'"

"I want to buy a wireless set on the instalment plan," said the customer.

"Yes, madam," replied the client, "can you give us any references?"

"Oh, yes; the last dealer we bought one from will be glad to tell you that there wasn't a single scratch on the cabinet when he took it back!"



Yevonde

MISS PENELOPE WARD: A RECENT PORTRAIT

An attractive portrait of the elder of the two daughters of the Rt. Hon. William Dudley Ward, who is a former Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household and also a former Member for Southampton. He is a kinsman of the Earl of Dudley and a Lt.-Commander in the R.N.R. Miss Penelope Ward's sister Angela is two years younger and was born in 1916

The doctor had just made a thorough examination of his patient, and was telling his verdict to the husband.

"You know," he said, "your wife is not ill at all. She has imaginary ailments. I think I'd better send her some imaginary medicine."

"And send in an imaginary bill, I suppose," put in the patient's husband.

He was rather small, and had been used to sleeping with a night-light in the room, but his parents had decided that he must start sleeping in the dark. When his mother turned off the light, he asked plaintively:

"Must I sleep in the dark to-night, Mummy?"

"Yes, darling," was the reply, "you are getting a big boy now."

"Well, may I say my prayers over again—more carefully?"

"Oh, my dear," gushed the first woman, "I saw the sweetest hat this afternoon."

"Oh, did you buy it?" asked the other.

"Not yet. I've got to choose a more expensive one for my husband to refuse to buy, so I can compromise with this one."

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Every time you have an Elizabeth Arden Muscle-Strapping Skin-Toning Treatment, together with the special corrective care your own skin requires, a little drama is enacted in your exquisitely appointed treatment room at Miss Arden's Salon:

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AIR EDDIES



By OLIVER STEWART

R.A.F. Display.

ON Saturday next, the 25th, all good aerialists will go to Hendon for the R.A.F. Display. And, the weather being willing, they will watch aircraft tracing the same old Euclidean patterns on the sky but at much higher speeds than those patterns have ever been traced before. Or they will discuss aeronautical antiquities dating back to the dim, dark ages of 1914 and thereabouts. There will be, it can be predicted safely, a record number of people, a record number of handshakes and hulloes, of recognitions and coalitions, of libations and fraternisations, and there will be the usual collection of intoxicating toilettes to refresh the eyes of all who care to turn them earthwards.

There will also be—and this is what I want to discuss particularly—the comparisons between this Display and the previous one, or the one of five or ten years ago, to the disparagement of this. These criticisms rest upon a failure to realise that the Display presents two different aspects, the spectacular and the technical. Asked if the Display were as spectacular as it was ten years ago, I should reply "No." Those in search of thrills will not find them so readily. The more serious spirit in which flying is regarded by the Service to-day precludes the grass-cutting aerobatics that used to be given in Camels and S.E.'s flown by young officers who expected to be dead shortly in any case, and so did not take any genuine interest in staff work, special courses, promotions, or the feelings of their superior officers. The modern aerobatics are in no sense "thrilling." And the spoliation of a nice blue sky with smoke is as revolting as throwing ink at an old Master or sticking bills on the Venus de Milo. It is therefore not for the spectacular, but for the technical side that I would recommend everyone who can do so to go to the Display on Saturday.

The technical side will be more interesting than anything seen yet. Not only will the Hawker Furies and Harts be operating in Flights, Squadrons, and Wings; but there will also be the new bombers on view; the Handley-Page with two Rolls-Royce Kestrel engines; the Fairey monoplane with Bristol engines; and the Boulton and Paul three-engined machine. And the Gloster four-engined troop-carrier will be worth a close inspection, for it incorporates many ingenious and novel features.

Sunday After.

ON the Sunday following the Display there will be something much quieter and more private, but no less pleasant—*The Tatler Concours d'Élégance* for Aircraft at Brooklands Aerodrome. This will provide the meeting-place for all who fly on the day following the Display, and will offer the opportunity for discussing Saturday's events in the correctly critical spirit. *The Tatler* Cup has been on view at Brooklands and has produced much favourable comment, so

that a record number of entries for this competition is expected on Sunday. Actually, *The Tatler* Cup is for closed cabin machines, but there are valuable second and third prizes, and these will offer scope for all types, both open and closed.

Brooklands is holding a series of "At-Homes" for amateur flyers and these should fulfil a definite want, for, in spite of the great number of pageants this year, there is still scope for the more private and sociable convocation where there are no drastic speed competitions and no violent aerobatics. In fact, I should not be surprised to see these relatively quiet meetings proving more attractive to the private aeroplane owner than the public

pageant. At any rate, there will be a very large number of aircraft at Brooklands for *The Tatler* competition on Sunday.

Nocturne.

Heston maintains its position as the leading air-port of the country, not excepting the heavily-subsidised ones that we have all heard of and sometimes (under duress) seen. The latest development at Heston is the Chance Floodlight, for which a sort of nocturnal christening was held the other day. This floodlight, which was developed with the aid of Mr. Nigel Norman and Airwork, Ltd., is fixed in front of the control-tower, and in order that

it shall not dazzle the pilot who, owing to wind direction, is landing towards it, it is provided with a "shadow-bar" which moves across the light and so keeps the aeroplane in shadow all the time it is landing. The shadow-bar is simply a piece of sheet metal mounted so that it can be moved round by a control-wheel in conjunction with a sight. The operator sights on the aircraft as it comes in to land and keeps his sights on it by turning the wheel. The shadow then follows the aircraft across the 180 ft. beam as it lands.

At Heston people arrived from all over the country, many of them having set off after dinner in the darkness, and those who came in Puss Moths not even having to wear a coat over their evening clothes—for the night was warm. Mr. Lindsay Everard flew down from Leicester, piloted by Miss Winifred Spooner. Mr. Geoffrey Rodd came over with a party from Hanworth, whence also came Flight-Lieut. Max Findlay and Captain Ayre. Flight-Lieut. Jenkins and Flight-Lieut. Pope, of Air Service Training, Ltd., flew up from Hamble to try the new light. And Captain Baker and Flight-Lieut. Parkes both made many trips in an open Moth and a Puss Moth. Major Brackley and Mr. Hope also tried the light, as did Captain Lamplugh. The general view among the pilots was that the light was the best they had used. It seems almost certain that it will be adopted by other aerodromes.

(Continued on page 19)



AN AERIAL PICNIC AT THE HALDON AERODROME

Starting from Hanworth and after a tour of the Torquay district, eight planes took this party to Haldon, children and all. In the group are included, front row, Mrs. Battye, Mrs. M. H. Findlay, Mrs. Bouverie, Mrs. Parkhouse and Mr. Hutcheon. At the back, Messrs E. Fuller, E. Holder, P. Bouverie, A. Carpmael sen., A. D. Evans, A. Carpmael jun., — Beard, A. Reid, Hill, M. Harley and Parkhouse



"THE TATLER" CUP

This cup is presented by *The Tatler* for the aircraft Concours d'Élégance which takes place and will be judged at Brooklands on Sunday, June 26th. The institution of this cup has been referred to several times in these notes



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HOUBIGANT



THE ELECTRIC BATTERY JUBILEE LUNCH: MR. G. R. N. MINCHIN AND MR. A. E. SIDGREAVES

It was at the Dorchester that the jubilee of the making of the first commercial electric storage battery and of the foundation of the Electric Power Storage Company, the manufacturing firm which served as a nursery for many famous men in the electrical industry, was celebrated. Mr. Sidgreaves is the managing director of Rolls-Royce, and many other big motoring interests were represented. Mr. D. P. Dunne, who is in the right-hand picture, is the managing director of Exide. Mr. Minchin is joint managing director of Pritchett and Gold, and Sir Percival Perry is chairman of the Ford Motor Company, Ltd.



MR. D. P. DUNNE AND SIR PERCIVAL PERRY

Oh Law!

WHEN the Road Traffic Act first became law, to be followed by the Use and Construction Regulations, I made so bold as to predict

that this measure, excellently intentioned as it doubtless was, would soon prove to be a big bundle of sticks, any one of which would be good enough to lay across the already belaboured back of the motorist. The whole thing was drawn up in a hurry and passed in a hurry, and apparently nobody made it his business minutely to scrutinize its terms. Hence it has turned out to be not only a dripping roast for the insatiable lawyers, but a crying injustice to some of its victims, who must already number many hundreds. As time goes on, and they get more and more warmed up to the giddy game, officious persons vested with authority are realizing what splendid chances this precious Act offers for petty persecution. The latest to be embraced—and one knew all along that it was only a matter of months before it would be seized—is that of successfully prosecuting one of the literally hundreds of thousands of car-owners who use an internal driving-mirror (which on its own account complies with the law), and also has a blind over the back window to shield the eyes from the glare of following head-lamps reflected from that mirror and also from the wind-screen. In vain was it pleaded by the defendant that the blind was of such material that the presence of a following car, even with side-lamps only, would be instantly discernible. I do not know whether there is to be an appeal against this conviction; even if there is I have little doubt as to its issue. Obviously we have got to forgo the useful blind or go to the expense of fitting an external mirror. This, as everybody knows, is nothing like so effective as the other type. Now I do not believe for a moment that this sort of prosecution was ever contemplated by the late Minister of Transport. Had it been so the Act would surely have clearly declared

Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

that an inside mirror would not comply with its terms if and when the blind was drawn. And then motor manufacturers in general—I cannot call to mind any exception—would not have provided this illegal combination. Evidently they read the Act as other people of ordinary common sense would read it. Well, well, it is going to be a good thing for the accessory merchants; certainly no one else will benefit, except the solicitors and the funds (I confess I do not know exactly what they are) to which police court fines are consecrated. An alternative to having an outside mirror, by the way, is to fit a special form of tinted safety glass in the back window. If this is of the right degree of translucency it does not seriously undermine vision whilst reducing glare to something quite

unobjectionable, but such a fitting will cost a trifle, and I would not be absolutely sure that the law entirely approves of it. As more than once I have been rude enough to point out, our motoring organizations, who are rich in experience, to say nothing of money, really ought to be a little ashamed of themselves that this sort of thing is now happening so frequently. And I think that the technical motoring Press, too, might have given a better account of itself. Presumably these people have competent legal ad-

visers capable of going through a draft bill with a microscope, and presumably they will be doing their duty to motordom, which they loudly profess to serve, if they warned it against the pitfalls with which it is so lavishly surrounded. We had a right to expect something better than a continuance *ad infinitum* of futile restrictions and the petty persecutions which these infallibly engender.

* * *

Musts and Mustn'ts.

It has long been in my so called mind that motoring in this country suffers from a grievous excess of grandmotherly direction; indeed, I will even go as far as to assert that the presence of such a multitude of police and scout-traffic controllers tends towards more road accidents rather than less. It encourages the newer generation of drivers to imagine that they need never think for themselves, and to suppose that there will always be someone on hand to tell them just what to do. Yet the average motorist has not lost the faculty of thought by any manner of means. Of this I had an admirable example last Sunday—which, for once in a way, did not belie its name—when, breaking my usual habit of seeking for solitude, I had a riverside picnic at an extremely popular “venoo.” Now there was a very large number of motor cars in a comparatively confined space, and there was no one, either official or unofficial, to supervise their parking. But was there any mess-up? Not in the very least. Half a dozen sergeants of the Guards could not have disciplined the drivers better than they had disciplined themselves, for each car was in its proper place, allowing plenty of room for any other to get out. It is thus impossible to resist the idea that a great deal of organization is so much effort thrown away. Mrs. P. V. (to let you into a secret) has admitted, under the rose, that the only time she is unhappy in Hilda Hillman is when someone in uniform is telling her what to do, and I have had the same confession from many others, including mere males. I myself am not very tolerant of dragooning. O’course

(Continued on p. xiv.)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting “The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News” every Friday



A SAFE BET AT ALL TIMES
and for every mood is the soft, genial flavour of **HAIG—**
NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

A BLACK MAMBA AS A PET

By H. W. MARTIN

ON one of my periodical trips down the Zambesi to Chinde to dispose of my small stock of ivory and to replenish my stores, I saw a native, when abreast of Chupanga, the spot where Mrs. Livingstone is buried, belfaving in an extraordinary manner.

Armed with a butterfly or landing net, he was walking slowly along, and at intervals making a dart to cover something with his net, then with the other hand would remove whatever he had captured and drop it into a small bag by his side.

My curiosity was aroused, for I was well aware that natives did not waste their time on catching butterflies. When they hunted, it was for profit or the pot. So, though it had been my intention to pass Chupanga without stopping, and to push on another ten miles before tying up for the night, I ordered my little fleet of dug-outs to paddle inshore and make fast to the Government jetty.

Leaving the crews to secure the boats, I made for the dusky entomologist. There was no need to ask him what he was doing, for just as I reached him he took a frog and dropped it into the bag.

"Is there a famine at Chupanga," I asked, "that the people are reduced to eating frogs?"

He replied that the frogs were not for human consumption, but to feed the Commandant's pet snake. Thinking it was a harmless grass snake kept as a vermin exterminator, I was rather sorry I had wasted so much time; but he went on to ask me if I would like to see the snake, which was not a harmless one, but a black mamba—the most venomous snake in all Africa, if not in the world.

At that moment, the Commandant, a mahogany-faced absinthe swilling Portuguese Colonel, an old friend, appeared on the scene and, after a warm greeting, told me not to pitch camp, but to put up at his bungalow for the night.

To the bungalow we went, and while sipping our absinthe I asked him why he kept such a deadly reptile and how he caught it.

"All in good time," he said. "Finish your drink and then come along and I will show you Silwan—the Devil, you know—natives' name."

Our drinks finished, the Commandant took me to a pit, about eight feet square and twenty deep, sunk in the blue clay some fifty yards from the house. Looking down, I saw, coiled on the grey concrete floor, a huge black mamba.

The Commandant called it by name, and in answer the reptile reared up to a height of about eight feet. There were still four feet of him lying on the concrete. He was certainly the largest mamba I ever saw, and I have encountered some hundreds.

Just then the frog-snatcher came along and emptied his catch into a basket to which two lines were attached, one to the handle and one to the bottom. He lowered the basket very carefully with both lines, the Commandant explaining that if the frogs were thrown in carelessly and killed, or even injured, the mamba would not touch them. When the basket reached the bottom, the native turned it gently over by pulling on the line fastened to the bottom, turning out the frogs, uninjured, on the floor of the pit.

"Now we will go," said the Commandant, "for he will not touch them while we are looking on. If we come back in half an hour we may catch him in the act of swallowing one," and he led the way to the house, where he partook of a glass of his favourite beverage, remarking that it was a long time between drinks, I contenting myself with a lime juice and soda.

Presently, tip-toeing to the edge of the pit, we looked down and saw the mamba with a frog in its mouth. The head and forepart were already out of sight, the hindpart and legs of the amphibian still protruded from the serpent's distended mouth.

At the sight of us he disgorged, and, coiling back on the floor of the pit, with his wicked-looking head raised from the centre of his coils to the height of about two feet, fixed his small, malignant eyes upon our faces.

No wonder they had named him Silwan; he looked the very incarnation of evil, swaying there, his forked tongue darting in and out, accompanied by a hissing as of escaping steam. Powerless as he was, I quickly turned away. I have no love for mambas under any conditions.

That night after dinner I reminded the Commandant of his promise to tell me how the reptile was captured alive. He needed no pressing, for he was justly proud of what was, in fact, an extraordinary feat.

This is what he told me.

"I had been losing a number of askaris on this station from snake-bite, but so far had managed to kill only one snake, a puff-adder, which I knew could not be responsible for all the deaths, neither did its destruction diminish the number of casualties; I suspected the presence of a mamba, so decided to set a trap. You saw that circular mud wall between the house and the snake pit? Well, I bored a hole, four centimetres in diameter, through it at the bottom, and inside this circular enclosure I placed several large frogs. Within a few centimetres of the outside of the hole I tethered another large frog by means of a strong thread attached to its hind legs. This thread I passed through the hole and fastened to a stake I had driven inside the enclosure. My home-made snake-trap was set.

"Early next morning, to my great delight, I found I had captured an immense black mamba. The reptile had swallowed the tethered frog outside the wall, then passed part of his body through the hole, either to get to the end of the thread, which it could not bite off, or attracted by the further bait, had gone on and swallowed one of the frogs inside.

"When it heard my approaching footsteps the snake lashed itself to a fury, flogging the ground with the latter part of its body, which looked like a long sjambok.

"The reptile was now bulged out in two places, the bulges or swellings, a little larger than cricket balls, indicating the position of the swallowed frogs, one on that part of its length within the wall, the other without.

"As both these bulges were too large to pass through the hole, the snake could neither go backwards or forwards and it became an easy matter to secure him.

"This I did by means of a twenty-foot hollow bamboo and a fifty-foot length of thin copper wire; doubling the wire so that one end formed an inverted U, I pushed the loose ends up the hollow of the bamboo and drew them out, thus forming a loop at one end of the pole and the loose ends at the other. Then the U was slipped over the serpent's head, the loose ends drawn tight, and fastened to a cross-piece: and we had him safe. The Devil at the end of a stick!

"Having secured the serpent, I engaged some native labourers and dug the pit, doing the job in eight days; then I laid a floor of concrete which I covered with a layer of pure cement, so that his black Satanship should show up well on the grey ground.

"I now enlarged the hole in the wall, and the snake, still fast to the bamboo, was pulled through and taken to the pit where a native held it while I unfastened the wire of the cross-piece at my end, which caused the loop holding the snake to become slack, releasing the reptile's head when it dropped to the bottom, tail first. As food we give it about a dozen frogs once a month."

On my return journey a month later I stopped at Chupanga to call on the Commandant and to renew my acquaintance with Silwan. Almost in tears when I mentioned the snake, the old man told me his askaris had killed it.

Natives attribute magic powers to the mamba and hold it in great awe; the very name of the reptile strikes terror into them.

It appears that while the Commandant was away for a few days collecting taxes, all the natives living within a radius of thirty miles assembled at the post and demanded the reptile's destruction. Nothing loath, the thirty askaris, now that they had strong moral support, fired several volleys into the pit and blew the snake to bits, and I for one was not sorry.

Few people excepting zoologists, Anglo-Africans, and natives know how dangerous and deadly the mamba really is. Dangerous on account of its aggressiveness and speed, for it will not hesitate to attack if disturbed. Its speed, it is said, is greater than that of a galloping horse, and any human pursued by a mamba is doomed. Deadly, because no human or animal has been known to live for more than twenty minutes after being bitten by one.



THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

JUNE, 1932

21st to 30th inclusive

- | | |
|--|--|
| 21st Racing. Folkestone. | 25th Cricket. England v. All India Test Match (Lords). |
| Lawn Tennis. All England Championships begin (Wimbledon). | 27th Racing. Wolverhampton and Thurles Meetings. |
| 22nd Racing. Newcastle and Brighton Meetings. | Polo. Inter-Regimental Tournament (Hurlingham). |
| Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon). | Handicap Cup (Ranelagh). |
| Cricket. M.C.C. v. Oxford University (Lords). | Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon). |
| 23rd Racing. Newcastle and Brighton Meetings. | Cricket. All India v. England (Lords). |
| Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon). | 28th Racing. Newmarket, Carlisle and Curragh Meetings. |
| Shows. Herts. Agric. Soc. (Halfpenny). | Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon). |
| Motor-Cycle Speedway. | Yachting. Royal and Suffolk Regatta (Lowestoft). |
| Racing. England v. Australia (Wembley). | Shows. Peterborough Agric. |
| 24th Midsummer Day. | 29th Racing. Newmarket, Carlisle and Curragh Meetings. |
| Racing. Sandown and Haydock Park Meetings. | Rowing. Henley Regatta. |
| Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon). | Shows. Peterborough Fox-hound and Agric. Horse and Hound (Aldershot). |
| Yachting. Royal Clyde Forlnight (Rothesay). | Cricket. M.C.C. v. Cambridge University (Lords). |
| 25th Racing. Sandown and Haydock Park Meetings. | Oxfordshire v. All India (Oxford). |
| Shows. Royal Air Force Display (Hendon). | 30th Racing. Newmarket, Carlisle and Curragh Meetings. |
| Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon). | Rowing. Henley Regatta. |
| Greyhound Racing. Derby Final (White City). | Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon). |
| Motoring. Shelsley Walsh Open Hill Climb. | Shows. Peterborough Agric. Horse and Hound (Aldershot). |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.



MRS. ALLAN MACBETH AND MRS. WARREN ANDERSON

At Saunton at the recent Championship, where Mrs. Macbeth made a great re-appearance

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

Up North

WHEN, by merely casting an eye from the type-writer out of the window, you can see the bluest of seas, greens which cry out to you to come and tackle their problems, folks tee-ing up for their attempt on them—then the temptation to write about Cruden and its charms is almost overwhelming. But one of the many charms of Cruden is that it is far from the madding crowd as far as trains and posts go. How Scottish champions, reigning or deposed,

Miss Rudgard had almost as exciting a day as Miss Johnson, for she lost to Miss Beryl Brown on the last green in the morning, and beat her on the 19th in the afternoon. This was holder v. ex-holder of "Britannia and Eve" northern foursomes. To make things more exciting Mrs. Barbour showed also how one holder of an "Eve" Northern Cup can treat another, for she beat Mrs. Bradshaw at the 20th; last match of the seven for Lancashire to win by the odd one of them.

and some 140 odd others battled for the "Britannia and Eve" Scottish Foursomes there must wait till next week. The course is in perfect order, so is the weather—says she, clutching wildly on to the desk with one hand, whilst endeavouring to type with the other—everybody in the best of good tempers, so it looks as if 1932 will produce a super edition of the event.

However, the drift of events has been steadily north for the last week, even if they have only this moment reached Aberdeenshire, since there were not enough entries for the first South-Eastern Championship of England to be played. Mrs. Percy Garon suggested one might have won that by taking the scratch prize at Porters' Park open meeting with a remarkably good 76, but otherwise golfers in the South seem to have been momentarily quiescent.

Not so the Northerners. Yorkshire have been on tour and, in consequence, seem sadly unlikely to tour yet farther to county finals in the autumn, for they took one defeat from Lancashire and two from Cheshire. Then Lancashire has been visiting Durham and Northumberland, but coming successfully through two glorious summer days at Brancepeth and Hexham can hardly transport them, either, to Ashdown in September, since Yorkshire and Cheshire had each taken a win off them already.

If Yorkshire are feeling a trifle down on their luck as a side they must cheer up, though, if they will reflect on what a really first-class player they seem to be producing in Miss Mary Johnson, their youthful champion. Her performances for the tour were to beat Miss Elsie Corlett at the 21st in one match, and lose to her by no more than 3 and 2 in the other, and to take Miss Enid Wilson to the 16th and 17th greens when Yorkshire met Cheshire at Wilmslow. If that isn't worth a mild little crow, then Yorkshire must be sadly out of conceit with themselves. Miss Johnson is long, like most young golfers; she has also a sound short game and a good head on her shoulders. She halved the first 8 holes with Miss Corlett, took the lead at the 9th, lost it, took it, lost it, halved four more consecutive holes, and won the 21st.

All this was happening at Southport and Ainsdale, where



MISS ELSIE CORLETT AND MRS. R. A. WALLACE-WILLIAMSON

Another Saunton picture. Miss Elsie Corlett has figured very well in recent county matches

Yorkshire then went on to Wilmslow to meet Cheshire, the home county, resplendent with Open Champion at their head, whereas poor Lancashire the day before had been without the Northern and Lancashire champion, Miss Firth having hurt her hand. Cheshire could only just do it by the odd match in the morning, but they fell upon their hapless visitors in the afternoon, and allowed nobody except Miss Worsley to score off them. All the same, Miss Mary Johnson got plenty of kudos. In the morning it was perhaps rather a case of clinging on bravely to a forlorn hope, but in the afternoon she managed to turn square with the Open Champion, both out in 38. Then Miss Wilson perpetrated one of her inhumanities: an eagle 3 at the 463-yard 10th, and Miss Johnson had to start hanging on again. She did it very nobly all the way to the 17th; Miss Johnson is one of the youngsters who will soon be amongst the pretty problems of International selection committees.

Meanwhile they are possibly scratching their heads over Miss Elsie Corlett, who, after gobbling up her Durham opponent twice, took a defeat from Mrs. Hugh Percy, when Lancashire beat Northumberland at Hexham. Mrs. Percy was not merely "one-putt," as her nick-name has it; she was "no-putt-Percy," dispensing with that usually needful ingredient of a hole altogether by running down mashie shots. So that Miss Corlett must certainly forgive herself. By the shouts of mirth round the last green, when she holed Mrs. Percy's ball as well as her own, she had evidently already forgiven her opponent.

Some lucky people can turn their hand to anything. Mrs. Richardson of Harrogate, for instance, who is a grand woman on a horse, whether across country or in the show ring, has not had many years at the Royal and ancient game, but she has a handicap of 4—not so easily come by in these days of revised L.G.U. pars, and last week she carried off the scratch prize at the Oakdale open meeting with a very fine 78, 39 each way. She lost the first handicap prize by a stroke, for Mrs. Shalders, who won the Yorkshire Championship twice as Miss Griffiths, has a handicap of 13 nowadays, and handed in 86—13=73, but Mrs. Richardson had done enough for fame.



AT THE "BRITANNIA AND EVE" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

Miss Leatham, Mrs. Milsom, and Lady Alness at Cruden Bay on the opening day of the "Britannia and Eve" Scottish Foursomes



The man who discovered there was no JOHNNIE WALKER on the air-liner.



The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

THE heat wave is responsible for a complete "volte face" in fashions; the loveliest affairs are seen in the streets, as well as at the fashionable rendezvous; Ascot was like a beautiful flower garden with the printed chiffon, delicately tinted lace, and organdie frocks; of course, the "duster" dress was represented, but not applauded. Necklaces of natural flowers came into their own. Bronze kid shoes were seen in conjunction with lace dresses, and so were sandals of silk and wool. Stockings were often a peculiar off white shade not unlike honey. Lace stockings and gloves had their roles to play, the latter with gauntlets. At the Carlton the Queen of the Belgians wore an ensemble of dry sand yellow mousse with hat en suite, while Lady Diana Cooper appeared at the Ritz in a study in black and grey, the smartness of which was accentuated by the checks being worked in a large mosaic design



PICTURES BY BLAKE

NOW that the season is on the wane, women are taking thought for fashions for the holidays and country wear in general. Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street, W.1, is responsible for the ensembles portrayed. The fabricating medium of the suit above, of which two views are given, suggests a very loosely woven tweed; nevertheless it is endowed with the best characteristics of hopsac and canvas; it is light, warm and decorative, and will wear remarkably well; the colour scheme is green, white, and red subtly blended. It is as appropriate for cruising as for sports wear. Two views are likewise given of the model on the left; printed brown and beige crêpe de chine make the frock; it is draped over the shoulders and relieved with fagot stitching, the belt being of suède. The coat is of a new wool fabric of the same colour as the dress. By the way, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that a feature is made in these salons of simple, well-cut country frocks for £3 3s.; those of Shantung and kindred fabrics, which are admirable exponents of sophisticated simplicity, being from £6 6s.

Models, Barri

"even this first salon treatment will work wonders for your skin . . ."



CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION draws acid waste from the skin. 5/6, 10/6.

CYCLAX SKINFOOD nourishes and braces. Special "O" Skinfood for dry skins, Special "E" Skinfood for relaxed throats, Cyclax "Baby" Skinfood for super-sensitive skins. 4/6, 7/6.

CYCLAX COMPLEXION MILK (slightly astringent). Prevents open pores and eradicates lines. 4/6, 7/6.

CYCLAX SOAP. Has exceptionally abundant lather which easily removes Skin-

ford. Softens and whitens the skin. 3/6 per tablet.

CYCLAX BLENDED LOTION. A non-greasy powder-base. For dry skins, Cyclax Sunburn Lotion is more effective. 4/6, 8/6.

CYCLAX CLEANSING LOTION. Excellent for cleaning the face when washing is inconvenient. 4/6, 7/6.

CYCLAX POWDER. In seven shades, or you can have it specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6, 6/6.

CYCLAX IS ENGLISH ALL THROUGH
Cyclax specialities are made in my own laboratories.

These Preparations are obtainable from high-class Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers throughout the country.

FREE BOOKLET. Please let me send you—quite free, of course—my own book, "The Art of Being Lovely," which I have just re-edited and reprinted. It shows you how to use Cyclax and outlines my treatment for many special skin difficulties.

FREE ADVICE. If you are able to come to the Salon at 58, South Molton Street, either I or one of my personally trained experts will be delighted to advise you, but if you cannot, please write and ask me any questions.

"You'll see the difference at once—see your skin not merely clearer and smoother, but definitely shades *lighter*; free of that faintly yellowish tinge that comes when acid waste is collecting beneath the surface. Skilful massage with my special preparations simply disperses this acid film; and these same preparations—used every day at home—will soon bring your skin back to the *utter* clarity . . . the flawless natural loveliness it had when you were a child.

"Any of my clients will tell you that what made her *keep* on with Cyclax home treatment, was that it showed her such results—*so soon*. It's very simple . . . just Special Lotion one night a week to draw all the clogging internal poison out of the skin; massage night and morning with a specially selected Skinfood; *and every morning after massage a wash with warm water and the rare rich-lathered Cyclax soap*. That's why Cyclax users always look so immaculately *fresh*—even in trying town air. *They start out each day with a skin that's soap-and-water clean*—without a trace of grease to choke up the pores or attract dust and germs and dangerous irritants. Even their powder-base is non-greasy; and nothing ever disturbs its perfect finish—its imperturbable natural charm.

"Whether they can come to the salon or not, all my clients keep their skins lovely with this simple daily care. Indeed, I have hundreds of clients whom I have never seen, who *write* me about all their beauty problems. Many of them have read my little book 'The Art of Being Lovely,' Of course, I give them just the same conscientious and experienced advice as in a personal consultation, and I am always glad to discover others whom I can help in this way to make the best of their beauty."

Frances Hemming.
cyclax

CYCLAX LTD., 58, SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.1.

service advertising



WOVEN *Elegance*

Fashion has decided that the hip and bust lines must be slim, and women are endeavouring to produce this effect. A powerful aide-de-camp has arrived in the Braemar woven silk wool underwear, which may be seen in the Marian Jacks' salons, 30, Old Bond Street. Portrayed above are panties and knickers—note how perfectly they fit; the latter has a special uplift "mouvement" which has a slenderizing effect. The same device is present in the evening combinations and in the sun or swimming suit. It is in the weaving and the special design that the secret of the success of these garments lies

Models, Braemar



PICTURES BY BLAKE

*It is a
delicate thing,
Madam*

to suggest that Pearls will add to your appearance. Yet what other conclusion is possible from the history of the beautiful women who have worn them, and from contemplating a beautiful woman who wears them now. Never was a toilette so complete that it could not be enhanced with one or two rows of Pearls. But, there are only two kinds of pearls that a woman can wear without blushing for their origin—natural Pearls and Ciro Pearls. They are alike as rain-drops on the window-pane.



Miss Nora Swinburne wearing three rows of Ciro Pearls in the very newest collarette style (costing complete with clasp £3. 3. 0)

Of all the aids to beauty none takes precedence over pearls nor shares equality with them as ornaments of feminine loveliness.

Prove for yourself that the flawless untouched beauty of the sea pearl belongs also to the Ciro Pearl — prove for yourself that Ciro Pearls will bestow added charm. Ciro will accept the verdict of your mirror. Write now for new lavishly illustrated Catalogue No. 8, of Ciro Pearls and Jewels. Whatever you choose will be yours for a fortnight — to wear, to criticise and compare with real. If you can detect any difference your money will be refunded without question.

The famous Ciro Pearl Necklet, 16" in length, complete with real Platinum or Gold clasp and case, still costs but One Guinea

Ciro Pearls

48 OLD BOND ST., W. * 178 REGENT ST., W. * 120 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, LEEDS, SHEFFIELD, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, LIVERPOOL, BRISTOL, DUBLIN

Air Eddies—continued from p. 528**Bristol Scholarships.**

A scheme which follows closely in the footsteps of that inaugurated for the first time by THE TATLER a year ago has been started by the Bristol and Wessex Aeroplane Club. Two free flying scholarships are being offered by this club—of which, by the way, Lord Apsley is president—to candidates fulfilling certain prescribed conditions. The scholarships are for men only, and the minimum age is eighteen. The candidate must live within a radius of thirty miles of Bristol Airport, and must undergo flying tests at his own expense by the Bristol and Wessex Club instructors. Thirty candidates will be selected for further tests, and the best six will be given a further trial. The two successful ones will then receive free instruction up to the gaining of their "A" licences.

Applications must be addressed to the Manager, Bristol and Wessex Aeroplane Club, Bristol Airport, Bristol, and must be received by June 30. The scheme is a promising one, and it is hoped that it will be imitated by other clubs. There is no doubt that everything that can be done to introduce people not only to flying but also to piloting, is of value, and invariably results in increased flying and increased club membership.

* * *

Junior Aero Club.

Extremely amusing was the Junior Aero Club's dinner at the Hambone Club, when Sir Malcolm Campbell was charged in a mock trial before Wing-Commander Marix with "Loitering with Malice Aforethought," or something of that kind. Flight-Lieutenant G. H. Stainforth was a witness for the prosecution, and gave evidence that Sir Malcolm Campbell had been constantly crawling along at a speed not greatly in

excess of 200 miles an hour, to the danger of all concerned. As usual on these Hambone occasions, Mr. Geoffrey Dorman provided an amusing parody for the menu, dealing with Sir Malcolm Campbell's feats at Daytona, and called "Pericles, Prince of Tyre, or A Date on a Beach."

Sir Malcolm was found guilty of the "charge," but when he appealed his appeal was instantly allowed without further legal or other arguments by Wing-Commander Marix.

* * *

Henlys Rally.

Henlys Rally at Heston aerodrome was made the occasion of an interesting air-motor meeting. There was some good flying and also some amusing motor-car contests. The height race, which was won by Flight-Lieutenant Max Findlay, was novel in that the autogiro was first sent up to climb to a height of about 5,000 ft. Then the competitors were started and had to climb as rapidly as they could to the height of the autogiro.

There has been much of interest happening at Air Service Training, Ltd., lately, but I propose to deal with these events in a subsequent issue. Meanwhile it is necessary to congratulate Mr. John Siddeley, who started Air Service Training, Ltd., upon his appearance in the Birthday Honours.



A 1932 DEB.: MISS SUE SNELLING

The pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Snelling, who was presented at one of Their Majesties' early Courts. Her mother is giving a dance for her to-night, June 22, at 90, Knightsbridge

During a season that is outstanding in its gloomy depression, it comes as a relief to learn that there are a few instances that indicate a successful fight against the dismal spirit prevailing in most quarters. One of the instances is the case of the Rover Company, Ltd., who in spite of the great difficulties have sold 6,739 Rover cars in the period August 1, 1931 to May 31, 1932. This figure on the face of it may not appear to be large, but it must be remembered that the Rover is by no means a mass produced car.

**MISS CELIA JOHNSON**

the distinguished young actress appearing in "The Vinegar Tree" at St. James' Theatre, London, writes:

"IN many an actress's life Phosferine plays a leading part. But to the actress, like myself, of straight drama, it is indispensable. The success of any play depends naturally enough upon absolute concentration, prolonged tension, and lasting good spirits. Phosferine ensures all these and much more. It provides against the sometimes harmful effects of getting 'worked up' every night, and often twice daily, for weeks on end. Phosferine allows one to enjoy all recreations without a nagging sense of fatigue after the innumerable late and arduous nights. What is more important, and so essential on the stage, but yet so far outside the limits of grease-paint, Phosferine gives one that perfect complexion and vigorous health."

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.



BP PLUS
THE BLUE PETROL

It is plus that little extra something
some others haven't got*

B P Plus is constant in quality and performance. It has just that quantity of tetra-ethyl-lead* which experts know will give your car maximum efficiency on the road and it is obtainable everywhere.

DENIS CONSTANDUROS.

OVERSEAS AND AT HOME



AT THE VILLA D'ESTE COUNTRY CLUB, LAGO DI COMO

The names in the group, left to right, are: Major Whinney, Mr. Kaye Don, Mrs. Holdenstein, and Major Thompson. Kaye Don was a starter in the Italian Open Golf Championship in which many countries were represented



LADY ERLEIGH AND HER CHILDREN AT MAYFIELDS, HORSHAM

Lord Erleigh, like his illustrious father, Lord Reading, is a lawyer and a K.C. at that. Lady Erleigh is a daughter of the late Lord Melchett, and the children are the Hon. Elizabeth, the Hon. Joan, and the Hon. Michael Isaacs

That vivacious old triangle

All's well that ends well and even three have been known to be good company.
Three drinks . . . what cheer! Cocktail, gin and it, and a long glass of something cool with a dash of gin in it.
Don't see your solicitor—solicit Holloway's London Dry . . . double distilled and crystal clear. A fickle age, yet a trusted spirit . . . always.

G
N
HOLLOWAY'S
always

HOLLOWAY'S GIN DISTILLERY CO., MONKTON ST., KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.

By Appointment

FREEDOM with STYLE for Summer Comfort

In the tailoring of light summer materials, Bernard Weatherill achieves that easy, cool freedom without sacrificing in any way the distinctive style to which the well-dressed man is accustomed.

For only 8 guineas Bernard Weatherill will make you a lounge suit from the finest West of England Flannel, plain or pin stripe, made exclusively for his house. His new Cashmeres are available at 9 guineas.

Bernard Weatherill Ltd
55, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
81, CANNON STREET, E.C.4 BIRMINGHAM, 11, BENNETT'S HILL
Branches at Ascot, Aldershot, Camberley



Wherever an Englishman Travels — whatever his pursuits — there you will find Craven "A"

If you could watch the manufacture of Craven "A" from start to finish — from tobacco leaf to the sealed-fresh packing you would realise, beyond doubt, why Craven "A" have won and held public favour through the past 17 years.

Craven "A" are made pridefully and with scrupulous care, from pure Virginia leaf selected for its flavour, smoothness and coolness, under manufacturing conditions which earn the praise of all who visit Arcadia Works. As a result of their Hygienic and scientific making Craven "A" give constant smoking pleasure. Craven "A" never vary — they are always FRESH wherever you buy them.

The perfect condition of Craven "A" at packing time is protected against all variations of climate by the "Tru-Vac" hermetically sealed circular Tin and by the dry-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof "CELLOPHANE" wrapping around every Packet and flat Tin. Try Craven "A" and mark well the tone and flavour of these unfailingly FRESH cigarettes.



Arcadia Works (London), set the highest standard in both precept and practice of Cigarette making.



Twenty 1/-
Fifty 2/6
Hundred 5/-

*There are also
Craven Navy Cut Cigarettes:*

— for smokers who want the equivalent of Craven "A" value and character but who prefer a "plain" cigarette to a cork-tipped one. Sold in green packings of the same type and at the same price as the red packings of Craven "A"

CRAVEN "A"

made specially to prevent sore throats

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 524)

It is possibly because we read or hear so many speeches from so many persons who have, what was called in the days of the discerning ancient Greek, a bull upon their tongues, that we have got into the way of believing that there are no witty orators left. It is quite wrong to succumb to any obsession, and it was refreshing to at least one person in the world to find that we need not—to this one. At the most recent of those entertaining gatherings known as Foyle's Literary Luncheons there were certainly three-and-a-half witty speakers. The light touch in speech-making is as great a gift as the light touch with the pen. It is Heaven-sent and cannot be taught. It was wonderfully well managed this enormous luncheon, and that charming little Miss Foyle in some previous incarnation must have been a Field-Marshal accustomed to handling large masses of troops! Even being taken quite off my guard and asked suddenly to decide whether a French herring and a French haddock were out of the same litter, did not abate my own enjoyment. The eloquence made up for so much, and even though I strongly disagree with Mr. W. B. Maxwell that we ought to be able to take authors' heroines as cleanly persons, and that they should never be "discovered" to us in their baths, I am glad he drew attention to this matter. Personally I think that it is fairly obvious that a good many of the authors' models belong to that cult which considers soap and water dangerous. I have just been reading a "Sex" book in which the heroine (of whom we get a picture) looks as if she needed a curry-comb—as a preliminary—and then boiling. So I think it is rather kind of these authors at whom Mr. Maxwell girded, to impress it upon us that their ladies do have a dip. Of course it is only



H.E. SIR WILLIAM AND LADY PEEL
IN MONTREAL

When they were en route for England, where they have since arrived. Sir William Peel has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Hong Kong since 1930, and he has held any number of other important offices in the Far East, principally in the Malay States

the few who look nice in a bath, and perhaps this was at the back of Mr. Maxwell's mind when he tendered his brother authors this kindly advice. The distinguished *littérateur's* definition of the book called "Sex" ought to be printed and widely circulated. Mr. Maxwell said this was a book which created sexual desire in anyone in whom it was possible for sexual desire to be created. A neat statement of the facts!

The packs of hounds which anyone who is interested is able to go and see at the Horse Show at Olympia this year are the Bicester, the Old Berkeley, Major Smith-Bosanquet's, the Warwickshire, the Beaufort, the Pytchley, the Quorn, the Grafton, and the Whaddon Chase. For the benefit of people who may not know, it can be said that this collection is a most interesting one. The Quorn, Pytchley, Grafton, Whaddon, Bicester, and Warwickshire I think will be observed to be very much the same type of hound. They do not like them too big in any of these galloping countries, and I should say that the dog hounds would average 24½ in. to 25 in., and the bitches an inch to an inch and a half smaller. Both the Quorn and the Warwickshire have a good deal of that great old Quorn dog, Safeguard, who really hailed from the Cheshire. The Beaufort dog pack when last I saw it was of a bigger type taking it all round, but I have not seen them for two seasons. The Old Berkeley, whose kennels once upon a time were at Charing Cross, and Major Smith-Bosanquet's, whose country actually includes a bit of the City of London, are both close to for the tired business man. The O.B.H., like their originally linked pack, the Berkeley, have a yellow coat for their hunt servants, and the Beaufort, like the Heythrop, also once upon a time a Beaufort-owned pack, have green. In addition to the hounds we have a number of ex-Grand National heroes.

ANY EXCUSE IS
BETTER THAN NONE
FOR A

Crawford's

LIQUEUR

SCOTCH WHISKY

★ ★ ★
THREE STAR
SPECIAL RESERVE
Scotland's Choicest
Standard Blend

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
FIVE STAR
OLD LIQUEUR
For very
Special Occasions

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
London Office:— 24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

S T A M I N A



STAMINA. I. "THE MARATHON RUNNER"

*Pratts Motor Oil is officially approved by the
manufacturers of over 80% of
the cars on the road.*

WHAT is the difference between the Marathon runner and the local sports sprinter? Between the channel swimmer and the seaside bather? STAMINA—the quality to maintain a high standard of performance beyond the ordinary limits of endurance. This same quality of super-endurance constitutes the difference between the modern Pratts Motor Oil and

ordinary lubricants. Produced by the blenders of Pratts Ethyl, the world's fastest petrol, Pratts Motor Oil has the stamina to maintain ample margin of lubrication safety at the highest speeds and temperatures your engine can ever reach—the stamina to function long beyond the point at which ordinary oils break down. It "stops the bearings wearing."

PRATTS MOTOR OIL

GRADES OFFICIALLY APPROVED BY MANUFACTURERS:

AUSTIN 7 h.p. - M.H.	MORRIS - - - M.H.	M.G. - - - M.H.	VAUXHALL - - H.
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CADILLAC - - M.H.	A.C. - - - H.	FRAZER NASH - H.	ASTON-MARTIN - M.H.

H. means Heavy

M.H. Medium Heavy

A complete Chart of correct grades for all cars and



motor cycles appears on all Pratts oil cabinets

SOLD ONLY SEALED

M.O.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Next Month.

Some time next month, Dr. Harry Sutherland Gear, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gear of Germiston, Transvaal, is marrying Miss Joyce Leishman, the second daughter of Lady Leishman and the late Lieut.-General Sir William Leishman of Wyberton, Park Hill Road, Croydon; on July 2, Mr. Christopher Paul, R.A.F., and Miss Molly Appleton are being married at Bodenham Church; the 14th is the date fixed for the wedding of Mr. Ronald Senior and Miss Norah Joicey, which is to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster; and on the 12th, Mr. J. F. Milburne, Scots Guards, marries Miss Pamela Cameron at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street.

Some Recent Engagements.

Mr. George Sylvester Grimston, the Queen's Royal Regiment, the son of the late Brig.-General S. B. Grimston, C.M.G., and of Mrs. Grimston, The White House, Willingdon, Sussex, and Miss Violet Estelle (Stella) Adam, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Adam, Fern Lodge, Meads, Eastbourne; Surgeon Lieut.-Commander John Gerard Holmes, M.A., M.D., Royal Navy, the only son of the late Dr. and Mrs. J. Holmes of 7, The



Bertram Park

MISS MOLLIE TOWLE

Who is shortly to be married to Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Carthew, D.S.O., late Royal Air Force, is the only daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Towle of Greentrees, Otlands Chase, Weybridge



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES SHARMAN

Who were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on June 9. The bride was formerly Miss Betty Catherine Roll, the second daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Roll. Mr. Sharman is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Sharman of Cambridge

Crescent, Limerick, and Miss Edith Symons, the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. S. Symons of Ealing, W.; Mr. John Wormald, the elder son of Mr. T. W. Wormald of Field Head, Mirfield, and of the late Mrs. Wormald, and Miss Rosemary Wickham, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Wickham of Emsay Kirk, Skipton-in-Craven; Captain Reginald Harold Le Marchant Lawrence, 2nd Batt. 14th Punjab Regiment (D.C.O.) (Brownlow's), the elder son of the late Mr. Lawrence and Mrs. Lawrence of E. Bengal and Hampstead, and Miss Olga Brudenell Bruche, the younger daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Bruche of Melbourne, Australia; Paymaster Lieut.-Com-



Elwin Neume

MISS MARY MAITLAND

Whose marriage takes place on September 5 at Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika Territory, to Mr. John Blumer, is the only daughter of the Rev. the Hon. S. G. W. and Mrs. Maitland of The Rectory, Ingestre, Stafford

mander M. A. W. Sweny, R.N., of Hilbre, Chalfont St. Peter, and Miss Olive Ward, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Ward of Park Gate, Southampton; Mr. Valentine Elliott, Sudan Education Department, the son of Dr. and the late Mrs. Elliott of Oundle, and Miss Georgette Favre, the daughter of the late M. and Mme. Favre of Geneva; Mr. Eric Stafford Nuttall, the son of Mr. John Stafford Nuttall of Whitehall, near Buxton, Derbyshire, and Miss Rose Paget of Mariners, Lymington, Hampshire, the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Paget of Bath.

At night-time,
THE BEACH, SUMMER "SPORTING"
 and its "Roof" Garden
 and scintillating Night Clubs.
THE "ILE ENCHANTEE"
 breaks into a thousand lights —
 an incomparable spectacle. All
 is done to please the eye after
 the hours of heat in the brilliant
 sunshine on the sea-shore.

**MONTE CARLO
 BEACH HOTEL**
 and NOUVEL
HOTEL DU BEACH
 Hotel de Paris and
 80 Hotels.
Elegance and Moderation in the Prices.

Information from
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 Bains de Mer,
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 Carlo.

MONTE CARLO BEACH

HAVAS

**This
each
week**

*Prepare the cuticle and apply
gleaming Cutex Liquid Polish*



**This
once
a day**

*Just push back the cuticle, cleanse
and whiten the nail tips*



... keeps your Nails lovely

It's quite as simple and swift as it looks . . . and your nails, you'll find, are perfectly enchanting!

Once a week give yourself a quick Cutex Manicure . . . First, an orange stick, cotton wool and Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser! Simply work it around the cuticle to remove old lifeless skin. Then run the orange stick under your nail tips to banish stains and whiten.

Now remove the old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover, and brush on one of the five lovely shades of Cutex Liquid Polish. End your weekly manicure with a touch of Cutex Nail White under the nail tips. And each

night before getting into bed, remember always to use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

That's the simple, weekly manicure that makes your nails exquisitely lovely. And remember that a few minutes daily care will *keep* them always enchanting.

Each day, just push back the cuticle, cleanse the tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, use the Cutex Nail White (pencil or cream) and your nail tips are gleaming . . . immaculate . . . all day long.

Cutex Preparations are made in Britain and are obtainable at chemists, hairdressers and stores.

CUTEX Manicure Essentials

Everything for
lovely nails



I enclose 6d. in stamps. Please send me a Cutex Introductory Set, containing Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, and Liquid Polish.
Dept. 2T.4, Northam Warren Ltd., 211, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E. 1.

Name

Address

Polo Notes—*cont. from p. 508*

Norton, their back, made few mistakes, and if any selector was present I should think it possible he may have put one or two things down in his notebook. Another person I should have "made a note on" was Captain G. E. Prior-Palmer. He is a quite first-class ride, like the other two just mentioned, never out of his place, and does not hit the ball just for the sake of hitting it. All these three are absolutely the right type for *der Tag*, when next it comes, probably 1934, and I think we have got to look ahead a bit and not trust to being able to go out into the highways and the by-ways and pick them off every bush. The wine that was good in 1930 may not be quite all that is wanted in 1934, or whenever it is. I think there is no doubt at all about our having three possibles in Captain Sanderson, Captain Prior-Palmer, and Captain Norton.

The other match, Life Guards v. Royal Navy, created an absolutely electric atmosphere, particularly on top of the Pavilion, and if The Ships could have been hypnotized into beating The Shore they would have done it. But even this could not prevail against the heavier metal, which, undoubtedly, the Household Cavalry were. At the start they each scored a quick trick, and there were two goals in almost as many minutes. Nobody had anything to say in the second chukker; but when the third chukker started the Household Cavalry began to set about their foemen, and got in three between wind and water, and from this onward they had The Ships rolling badly, but fighting on with their customary gameness. Last year the Life Guards and the Royal Navy also



AT RANELAGH: MISS MARY LESLIE AND
MR. G. H. N. LARDEN

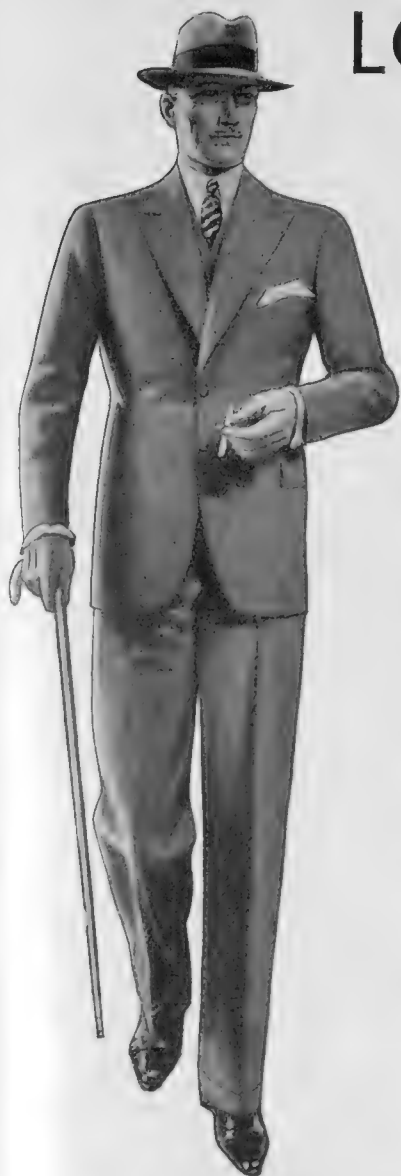
Mr. Larden, who is a gunner by profession, and is at present doing a job of work at the War Office, has been playing for the Flamingoes this season

were drawn together, and the soldiers were a bit lucky, I think, to find the R.N. team in a disorganized condition, for if it had been at its best, and had not had a wounded skipper aboard, it ought to have won. That last year's team has gone East (mostly), and only Lieut.-Commander C. E. Lambe remains. He played a sound and plucky up-hill game, and is a particularly nice horseman. The Life Guards had three of their last year's team—Mr. Fairhurst, Captain Ferguson, and Mr. Wignall—but Captain the Hon. A. M. A. Baillie came in *vice* Mr. T. A. A. Watt, and incidentally did a real good job of work for his side. There was no luck about the Life Guards' win; they were the better team. It is possible that on or about the date this appears the Life Guards will have had to meet the Queen's Bays, who, unless the earth opens and swallows them, will win just as far as they want to win. Unless we are all very much off the target the semi-final in the lower half of the draw, Bays v. Greys—is going to be the star turn of the tournament. I cannot see anything at Tidworth likely to stop the Greys, and as to the final which will be played at Hurlingham on July 2, it must be either Royal Artillery v. Bays or Royal Artillery v. Greys. There does not appear to be anything in the way of the Gunners going into the final.

Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Roger Keyes, who is Vice-President of the Royal Naval Polo Association, and also on the Committee of Hurlingham, was not the least interested spectator of the R.N. v. Life Guards' match. It was rather hoping against hope for the Navy to do better than they did after having that last season's good team scattered. It was a good effort to send a team into the field at all.



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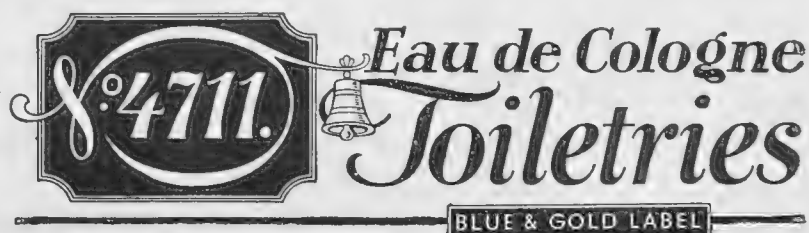
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time-honoured name are accepted by discerning women all over the world as being of irreproachable quality, purity and unvarying reliability. "4711" Eau de Cologne Toiletries, by these virtues alone, remain definitely in a class apart.



Gar: G.I. No. 2b.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 530

you couldn't leave drivers wholly to their own devices at Ascot, the Tattoo, and so forth. But those occasions are distinctly exceptional. On the way home I noticed that at several strategical points there was no traffic stop, as there is on week-days. The traffic was well up to the week-day congestion, and even beyond it, but there was no hint of trouble. It just good-temperedly sorted itself out, and I believe it generally would do so if it were allowed to work out its own salvation.

* * *

Suits me.

I made a note last week about an admirable "Nine"; now it is my pleasure to record an impression of another, the Singer to wit. By Jove, these little fellows are most astonishingly good! I naturally sat in front—and had no fault to find with the accommodation. Mrs. P. V. and one of the girls occupied the rear compartment and gave their quarters unequivocal praise. This, I may as well tell you, is not a common experience, for the family has stature if little else, and before now I have heard some pungent expressions. Also Mrs. P. V. drove, and again she had no fault to find and, for that matter, nor had I. This Singer Nine, besides being roomy, has a gallant little overhead-valve overhead-camshaft power plant with a really quiet four-speed gear-box and a change so simple that hardly anyone could fumble it.

A bit more space for those afflicted with big boot-soles would have been agreeable to me, but then I run a little wide in the welt and I could not, therefore, call this a serious fault. The general rendition of this car is charming, for it is both quiet and lively—the latter especially at the lower speeds which, of course, is just where vigour is most wanted.

But apart from that it is unquestionably fast. Not too fast, but a fine averager which readily yields a good performance without any nursing. Its poise, by which I mean its stability, ease of control and so forth, leave nothing to be desired; truly enough it has "that big car feeling," and anything at the price—which is £167 10s.—that boasts a better detail presentation, both inside and outside, I would trouble you to quote. Anyone who can add to its equipment must exercise ingenuity, for it has bumpers, Triplex all round, sliding roof, soft leather upholstery, as neat an instrument panel as ever you saw, and lots of other good things, too. Well, there you are. It is, although relatively a newcomer, an established success, as well it deserves to be.



Charles Knight

AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE SPORTS

A group at the Duke of York's Barracks, Chelsea, where the Household Brigade Championships were run off. In the group are: Captain Hargreaves (Grenadiers), Major E. R. M. Fryer, M.C., Captain Hennessy, and Mr. Bromley Davenport, also Grenadier Guards

A gala matinée of the Camargo Ballet will take place at the Savoy Theatre on Thursday, June 30. The matinée is in aid of St. Peter's Hospital, Covent Garden. Tickets, which cost from 5s. 6d. to £2 2s., may be obtained from Miss Edith Dawkins, Kensington Palace, W.8.

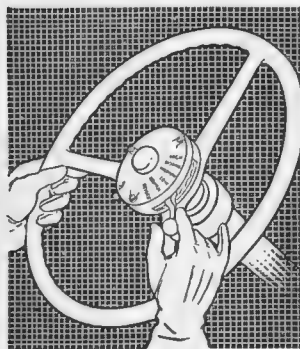
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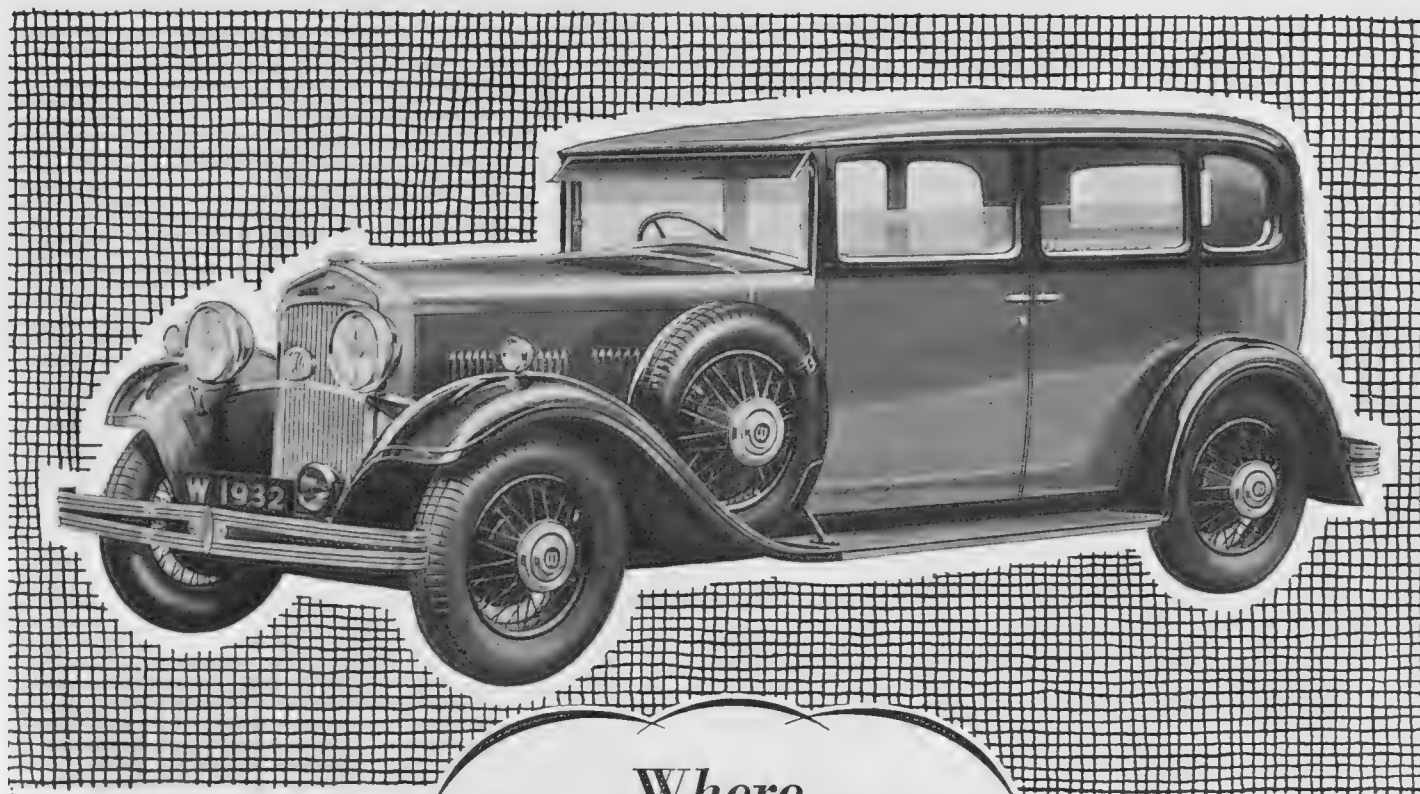
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WHAT is an "economy luxury car"? A car with the prestige of the Wolseley 'County' models, a car of such superb workmanship that a 2 years' guarantee is gladly given with it, a car which runs with silken smoothness because its 6-cylinder engine is built by people who only make 6-cylinders. These are the criterion of dependability. And this masterpiece of silent, smooth power is enhanced by coachwork of the most beautiful

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WOLSELEY MOTORS (1927) LTD., WARD END, BIRMINGHAM



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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The persistent bad weather we have had this so-called summer has had its effect on shows as well as everything else. Windsor, which is always such a pleasant open-air show, had to move to the Crystal Palace owing to the flooded state of the ground where it is usually held. Taunton, however, was true to its reputation, and the weather was magnificent; it is the boast of Taunton Show that it has never had a wet day. The open-air show is delightful if fine, but nothing is more dreary than a wet open-air show, with its dripping, crowded tents and its grumbling, discontented exhibitors, who appear, as a rule, to think that the rain is the fault of the committee, who, meanwhile, are gloomily thinking of its effect on the gate. People are often like the sun-dial, they "only mark the sunny hours," and I have heard them regret our outdoor shows, not remembering all the wet and stormy days, the muddy paths and precarious duck-boards. But perhaps the habit of forgetting unpleasant days is

a good one.

Let us hope that by the time these notes appear summer will also have come and Bournemouth and Richmond have the much wanted fine weather.

The bull mastiff is a breed that has been known in the Midlands for many years; his origin is denoted by his name, but he has now attained to the dignity of recognition by the Kennel Club as "Bull Mastiffs (pure-bred)," so no further cross breeding is allowed. In the past few years he has left his native Midlands and become well known on the show bench. Those who have him speak most highly



MRS. MURRAY SMITH AND HER BULL MASTIFFS

of him, both as guard and companion; he is certainly a good guard, as he is a formidable-looking dog. Mrs. Murray Smith is one of those who are helping him to popularity; she sends a picture of two of her bull mastiffs. She is full of admiration for their staunch and incorruptible natures and also for their great intelligence. A bull mastiff in ordinary life is a good-tempered, friendly dog, but one who is treated with great respect by those who do not know him—rather useful in these days.

The Keeshond has provoked a good deal of correspondence as to his origin. He undoubtedly belongs to one of the branches of the "Spitz" family and was at one time plentiful on the barges in Holland, hence his name. I am told that there are few now to be found in his native land; in fact, as has often happened before, there are more and better Keeshonds in England than in the land of their origin. However, none of that really matters; what matters is that the Keeshond is a most handsome, attractive dog, intelligent and adaptable, making a first-class

companion. Mrs. Courthope Last sends a picture of her good young dog, Piet van Maerlandt, winner of the challenge certificate at our L.K.A. Show, also first in his classes and two cups. Piet is a very handsome dog, of a good colour and attractive appearance. Mrs. Gatacre is also a keen supporter of the Keeshond and sends a delightful picture of one of her pups of which she has several for sale. She finds that Keeshond pups go "like hot cakes." Mrs. Courthope Last has an attractive dog puppy for sale.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



PIET VAN MAERLANDT
The property of Mrs. Courthope Last



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Wykes, Exeter
The property of Mrs. Gatacre

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The Hystogen-Derma-Process is explained in Mr. C. H. Willi's new book "The Secret of Looking Young," based on 25 years' experience and 10,000 successful cases. The book also contains signed articles about Mr. Willi's work, by Lady Maud Warrender, Gilbert Frankau and Margery Lawrence, etc. Price 2/6. Sent on receipt of P.O.

A lady who has recently been treated for the removal of pouches under the eyes, loose overhanging upper eyelids and restoration of the facial contour offers, free of charge, to visit interested ladies at their own homes to show the results obtained within a week by the Hystogen-Derma-Process.

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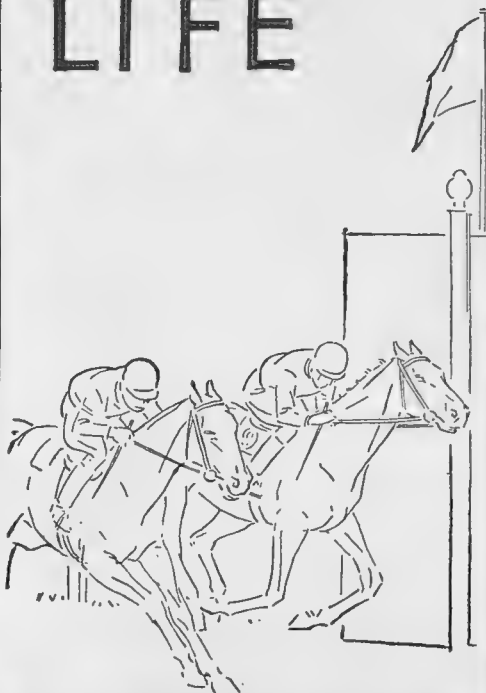
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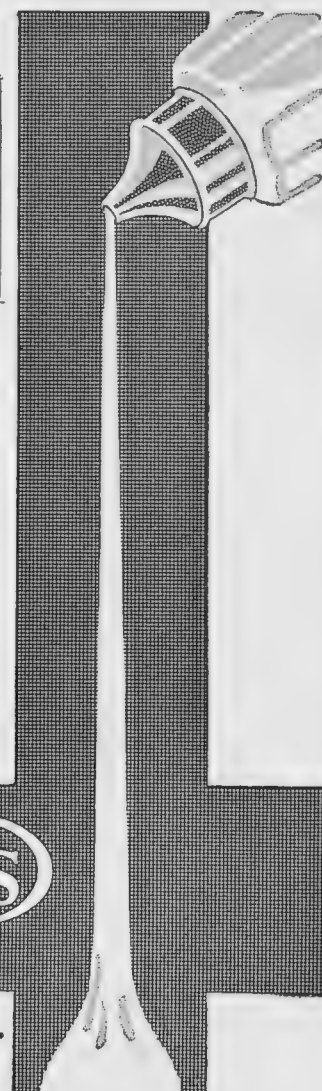
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Kindly send me full particulars of how I may test your ALL-BRITISH DEAF AID in my own home, amidst my own friends and relations, without fee or obligation.

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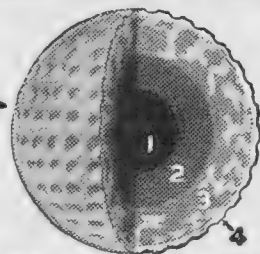
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Fig. 1.

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The diagram above shows how the gutta percha cover penetrates into the elastic winding of an ordinary golf ball when it is pressure moulded. Wherever that penetration occurs resiliency is destroyed. The ball is muscle-bound.

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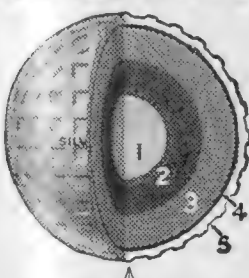


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THE CONSISTENT GOLF BALL

In mesh and Recess Markings 2/- "King Plus" 2/6. Lynx 1/-

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Obtainable from all Professionals and Sports Dealers.

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently appeal for help for a poor widow who is a great sufferer from asthma and whose condition of misery and illness is made far more deplorable by the fact that her son, who lives with her, is a very heavy drinker. Worry and illness have reduced this poor mother to such a condition that the doctor insists on a period of prolonged rest with the ultimate hope that she will be persuaded to be parted from her son and get a one-roomed peaceful home for herself. Unless the Friends of the Poor can get her away, it is feared that she will break down altogether and never be able to work again. She has only the widow's pension, 10s. a week. This is really a constructive case where a little temporary help will set up this woman in life. £5 is needed.

The Streatham Hill Theatre has some outstanding productions during the next few weeks. This week Miss Fay Compton is appearing in *Autumn Crocus* with Frederick Randalow and Alexander Ivo; next week Mr. Stanley Lupino and Jessie Matthews in the musical comedy *Hold my Hand*, with the actual company and production direct from the Gaiety Theatre; on July 4 Sir Gerald du Maurier in *The Green Pack*, Edgar Wallace's last play, with the actual company and production from Wyndham's Theatre; and on July 11 Mr. Ivor Novello in *I Lived with You*, with Ursula Jeans, Eliot Makeham, and the actual company and production from the Prince of Wales and Shaftesbury Theatres. Then among future attractions for the theatre, commencing early in August, it is highly probable that there will be a short season of *White Horse Inn*, and other big attractions are in negotiation.



THE DISTILLERS COMPANY'S SPORTS MEETING AT EAST MOLESEY COURT

This meeting of the Distillers Sports Club, composed of the London staffs of the various companies embodied in the Distillers Company, Ltd., must surely have created a record, for they got through thirty-five events in under 2 hr. 40 min., a wonderful tribute to the excellence of the staff work. In this group of very prominent people connected with the Distillers Company, left to right, are: Mr. William Harrison, O.B.E., Director of the Distillers Company, Ltd., and Managing Director of Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., Ltd.; Mrs. T. Wilkinson; Mr. T. Wilkinson, Director of the Distillers Co., Ltd., and Managing Director of Messrs. John Haig and Co., Ltd.; Lady Forteviot, who presented the prizes; and Lord Forteviot, Director of the Distillers Company, Ltd., and Managing Director of Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Ltd. Everyone enjoyed himself and herself and had every cause to do so.

Why not watch the Olympic Games? If you are interested, write for particulars to the London Hon. Sec. of the Travel Club (C.U.S.C.), 4, St. John's Road, N.W.11. The British Olympic Spectators' Party will travel out on the *Majestic*, leaving Southampton on July 20 and arriving at New York on July 26. The party will leave on the *Empress of Britain* with the British teams, and arrive in England on August 25.

Everyone must admit that Wright's Coal Tar Soap is a necessity during the warm weather. Mosquitoes and their relations avoid skins that have been cleansed with it. As it is an antiseptic, its use is a safe-guard against infection, the risk of which, by innumerable and unavoidable contacts, is ever present when travelling. Furthermore, it is held in high esteem by residents in hot climates because of its great value in protecting the skin from troubles peculiar to tropical countries. It is sold practically everywhere, and upon each tablet is branded the words, "Sapo Carbonis Detergens," by which name the original coal tar soap is known to the medical profession.

Flowers from "Jac" to Jill.

It is always a pleasure to hand out a little bouquet to a successful British effort on entirely new lines. The bouquet in this case is in honour of a very clever reproduction of natural flowers made by English girls from the feathers of the common or garden goose. These orchids, carnations, gardenias, and many another flower have to be seen to be believed, and can be seen in a picturesque little shop at 1, St. Christopher Place, just off Wigmore Street. Jac, the originator of these and many other artistic delights, is turning out in the middle of London town, gifts which could not be beaten in the Rue de la Paix.

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Pomeroy Skin Food is the secure foundation of all Pomeroy Treatment. In the nightly massage it combines the three vital processes—cleansing, exercise, nourishment. Begin to-night and welcome in your mirror very soon that radiant stranger, the real you.

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Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache, and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You

can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days.

The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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Uniform support obtained throughout 99 years' reputation for **QUALITY & COMFORT**
MODERATE PRICES
"VARIX," all about Elastic Stockings, post free.
Special Department for Ladies.
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IMPERVIOUS TO WATER & PERSPIRATION
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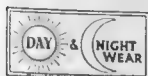
GREEN PEAS
FARROW'S
SALAD CREAM
TOMATO KETCHUP



"Wish
that
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wouldn't shine his
lamp at me."

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Royalist and Rochene silks,
my dear. They've taken his
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Royalist and Rochene are the cream of British pure silks. They are made by the makers of the famous Japshan, in very clever stripes you haven't seen before, and also in 56 delightful plain shades—all guaranteed fast to sun and washing. You can choose gorgeous Royalist and Rochene silks "made up" in original blouses and frocks, or by the yard, 36" wide. Royalist, per yard 8/11. Rochene crepe, per yard 9/11.



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Model M. 692
Charming
MATERNITY FROCK in artificial silk printed on light or dark backgrounds

3 gns.

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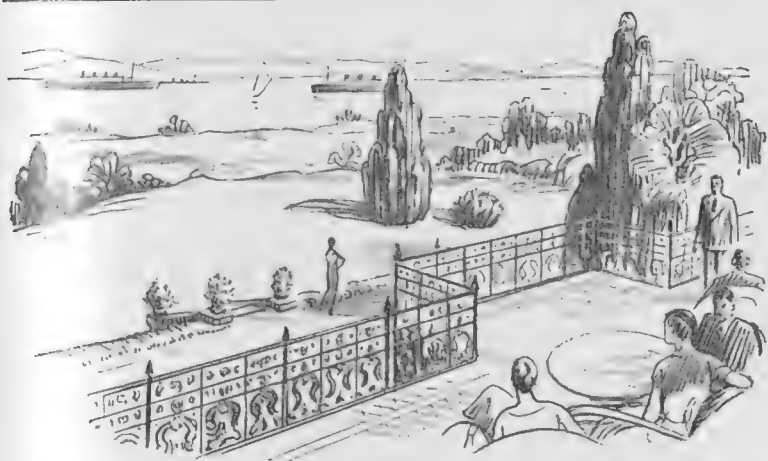


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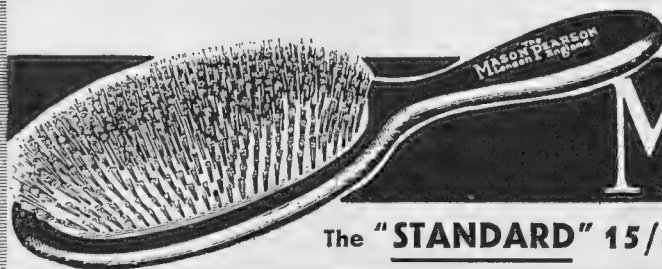
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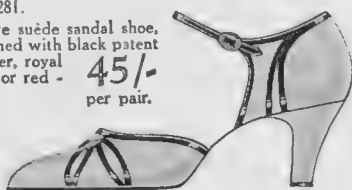
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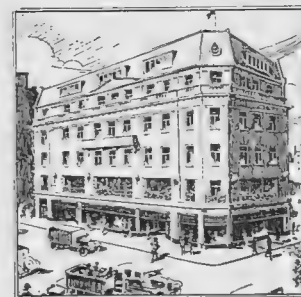
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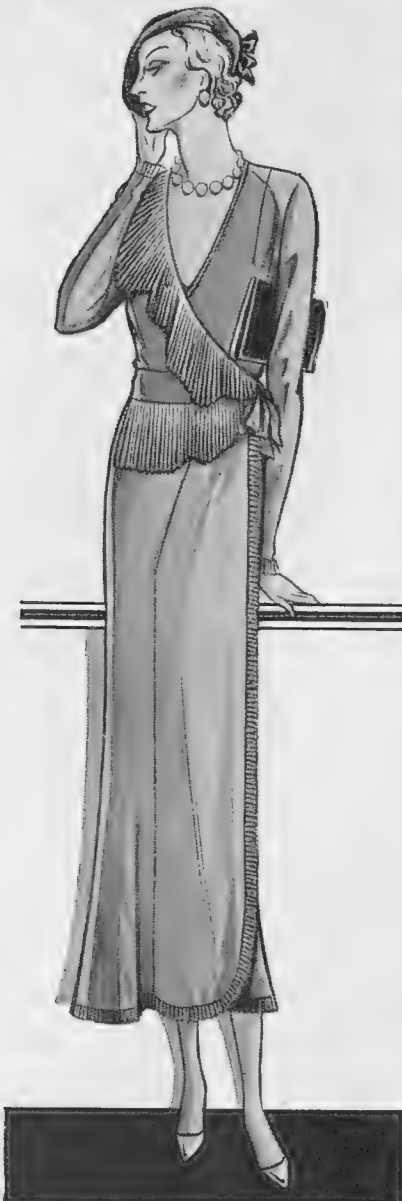


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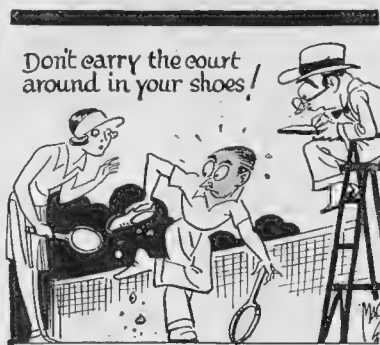
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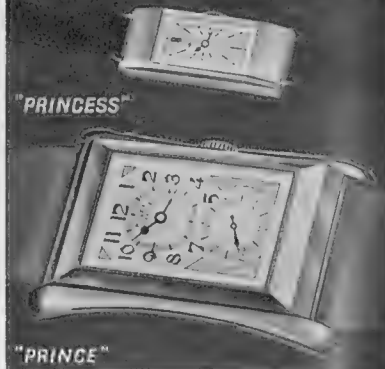
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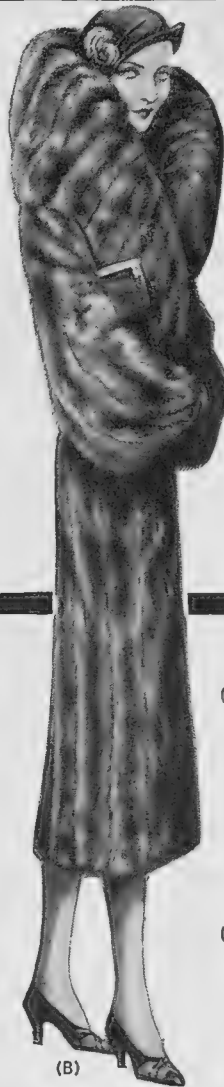
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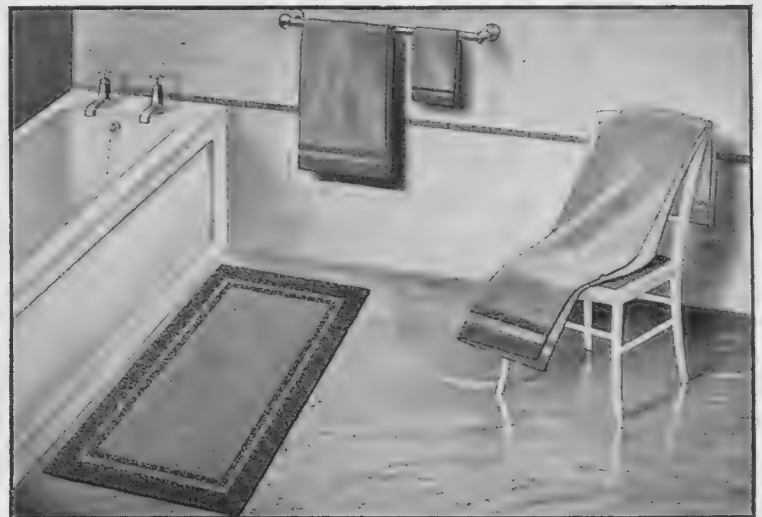
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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

It wouldn't happen now

1836:—"Ye tragedy of poor Craven¹ is ye talk of all to-day. He had confided in me that he wd be deeply involved if ye Bay² shd win, but I had scarce thought he wd be so far committed as to seek refuge in blowing out his brains. By comparison, my own loss by ye failure of Gladiator³ to beat Ld J's⁴ crack hardly merits recording."



1. The Hon. Berkeley Craven.
2. Bay Middleton, the winner of the Derby in 1836.
3. Second in that race.
4. Lord Jersey (6th Earl), owner of Bay Middleton.

Lady Angela: "By Jove, Ted, they went the whole hog in those days, didn't they?"

Sir Edward: "Yes. If I'd been in young Craven's place I should have taken the less spectacular course of asking for time to pay. But perhaps he couldn't get it."

Lady Angela: "Couldn't get time? But, dash it all—surely his bookie couldn't have"

Sir Edward: "Angela, my dear, where history is concerned you must *not* think in terms of 'Duggie.' There wasn't the House of Stuart for poor Craven to bet with, and it's more than probable that his creditors *would* have pressed him."

Lady Angela: "Then all I can say is that I should have been simply terrified of doing any betting at all. Thank heaven I live in a day when I can back my fancy without losing my peace of mind."

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